HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE GIANT OF THE MONTHLIES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for December, will contain, in addition to the usual attractions, the commencement of two brilliant Stories, viz.:

I. THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. Thackeray, with numerous humorous Illustrations by the Author.

II. JACK OF ALL TRADES. A Matter of Fact Romance. Written exclusively for *Harper's Magazine*, by Charles Reade, Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Never too late to Mend," etc.

These Stories, by two of the foremost writers of the age, will be continued, from month to month, in the Magazine, until completed.

The December Number commences a New Volume, and is a favorable time for new Subscribers to begin.

HON. N. P. BANKS.

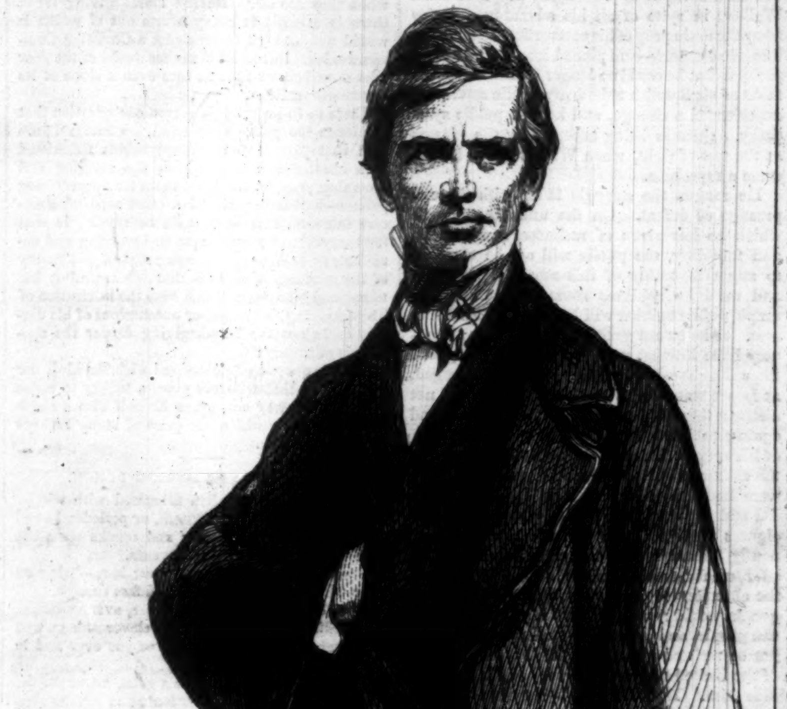
GOVERNOR ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Nathaniel P. Banks, who has just been elected Governor of Massachusetts by a plurality of nearly 24,000, was born in Waltham, a town of that State, on the 30th of January, 1816. Waltham was in point of time the second manufacturing town in the Union, and from it were taken the machinery and the laborers with which were started the famous mills of Lowell and Manchester. Among the old-fashioned machine-shops—the memorials of the early enterprise of the inhabitants—skirting the sleepy stream of the Charles River, may be seen the dilapidated building where the late Speaker of the House of Representatives was born. The son of poor operatives, he began what promised to be a destiny of poverty and manual toil in an appropriate place, amidst the whirr of the loom and spindle, the clank and roar of engines, and the bustle of unresting industry. Of course he had but few advantages of education, but it is evident that he most faithfully improved the three months which are all that poor boys in his condition annually enjoy at our common schools. Of this part of his life we have few accounts, but there are those who still remember the diligence with which he conned his tasks at spelling or figuring, and the heroic and characteristic air of stoicism with which the ragged bare-footed little fellow maintained his place among comrades who enjoyed an accidental superiority of fortune. Notwithstanding, however, a certain natural reserve, which straitened circumstances and peculiar family afflictions had contributed to strengthen, it was not long before his force of character and those other qualities of a leader to which he is indebted for the success of manhood were fully recognized.

When the brief period of school-days had ended, and the stripling was obliged to rely wholly on his own labors for support, he still found time to improve his mind, and all his hours not occupied in the factory were devoted to the grave and important studies of history, political economy, and the science of government. In a small debating society formed in the village he also took a prominent part, gaining that acquaintance with parliamentary rules which he subsequently turned to such useful account in the deliberative bodies of his native State and of the Federal Government. As an illustration of the zeal with which he attended to this branch of his training, it is related that, when temporarily residing in a neighboring town, he was in the habit of walking a distance of nine miles an evening and back, to be present at the meetings of the society.

Mr. Banks first exercised his influence on the public mind through the medium of the newspaper press, as editor of a journal published in his native town. He subsequently controlled the columns of a newspaper in Lowell. In both of these sheets, while advocating the principles of the Democratic party—then in a minority in the State—with ability, courage, and yet with that judicious moderation which is a characteristic of his temperament, he strenuously labored for the promotion of temperance, popular education, and such other moral objects as good citizens of every shade of partisan opinion can not hesitate to unite upon.

It has been asserted that Mr. Banks has never been defeated in a popular election. This is a mistake. He was for six successive years, in his native town, a defeated candidate for the Massachusetts Legislature; and at the commencement of the gold excitement was about emigrating for a more promising field of political exertion in California, but was deterred by the thought of his obligations to the friends who had so long stood by him, and who desired him to await another trial. On this he was successful, and in 1848 was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature as a representative from Waltham. The fact that from that time till his election to Congress he was regularly returned to the Legislature shows the satisfaction with which his course was regarded by his fellow-townsmen. His first speech in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, evoked by the presentation of certain resolves on the Slavery question and by the animadversions of a Free Soil member upon the Democratic party, was delivered on February 23, 1849, the purpose of it being to show that the masses of that organization, in co-operating for the territorial enlargement of our national domain, had not been influenced by the desire of extending or strengthening the institution of slavery. The discussion then pending, relative to the Wilmot Proviso, imparted a peculiar interest to this speech, which was listened to with a degree of attention such as is rarely bestowed upon the first effort of a new member. He caught the ear of the House, and always after was one of its leading members. During his legislative career he took an active and influential part in the public business, serving on the important committees (especially important in a State like Massachusetts) on Railroads and Canals and on Education. Among the more noticeable speeches delivered by him here were those on the proposition to enact a Plurality Law with reference to the elections of members of Congress, and on questions connected with the railroad interests of the State.



HON. NATHANIEL P. BANKS, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[Photographed by Brady.]

In the early part of 1850 the Board of Education, desirous of calling public attention to the subject of procuring certain changes in the laws relative to the educational system of Massachusetts, conferred upon Mr. Banks the appointment of assistant-agent to the Board. After delivering many public addresses in furtherance of the object for which he was selected, he resigned the office in September of the same year, in consequence of having previously accepted from the Legislature the appointment of member of the State Valuation or Census Committee which then began its sessions.

Mr. Banks on several occasions had been honored by the Democratic Conventions of Middlesex County with a nomination for the State Senate, which he had always declined. In November, 1850, however, he was elected to the Senate from that county by a majority of about two thousand over his competitor. At the same time he was chosen to represent Waltham in the House, and on the meeting of the Legislature he decided to remain in the popular branch of that body. By a large majority he was chosen, on the first ballot, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. For two successive sessions he held the position of presiding officer of a legislative body embracing about four hundred members, a position which had been adorned by the parliamentary accomplishments of some of the most eminent sons of the old Commonwealth, yet never with more distinguished success than during the incumbency of the subject of this sketch.

In 1853, at the assembling of the Convention to revise the Massachusetts Constitution, Mr. Banks was chosen President, and the manner in which he acquitted himself did no discredit to his previous reputation.

After repeatedly declining a nomination to Congress, Mr. Banks finally acceded to the wishes of the Democratic party, and in 1852 was elected a member of the National House of Representatives, to which his constituents have since twice returned him with increased majorities, and of which he still remains a member. During the period of his Congressional life Mr. Banks has attained a commanding prominence among the rising statesmen of the nation. He has spoken little, but always pertinently and with marked ability and effect. His speeches on the subject of the Nebraska Bill, the Armory Superintendency, against the employment of military men in offices of a civil nature, and his replies to the remarks of Messrs. Barry of Mississippi and Chandler of Pennsylvania, on "American Politics," are among his most distinguished Congressional efforts.

The election of Mr. Banks to the Speakership of the National House of Representatives was what first brought him prominently before the American people. His Democratic antecedents had made him probably the only available candidate of the party which nominated him against the candidate representing the Administration—a position of so trying a character as to have extinguished a politician of merely ordinary nerve, and of a discretion any thing short of invincible. His conduct, when elected, fully justified the selection of his supporters. At the close of his term of service the unsurpassed ability, dignity, and fairness with which he had discharged the duties of the chair were generally conceded, and by none with more distinctness than by his political opponents on the floor. A Democratic member from Georgia, in advocating the vote of thanks with which Speaker Banks was honored on the last day of the session, eulogized his impartiality in reference to the sectional struggles of the House, with the remark that Mr. Banks "stood so straight that he almost leaned over to the other side." It is a sufficient confirmation of this judgment to say that no decision of the Speaker was ever overruled.

A close observer tells the following story of his Congressional trials:

"While on the subject of his noncommittalism, I can not help telling an instance related to me by a member of Congress who suffered from its effects. This gentleman wanted to obtain from Mr. Banks the chairmanship of an important committee as an equivalent for his vote for him as Speaker. Pending the Speakership contest, therefore, he waited upon Mr. Banks, beginning as follows: 'Mr. Banks, you know I have no objection to your being Speaker, but your election hangs on my vote. Now I suppose you will understand me when I tell you I shall not vote for Mr. —— [the opposition candidate], for I don't believe he will place me on any committee worth serving in. What do you think of that?' Mr. Banks, having heard the statement and the interrogatory, remained quiet a moment, as if collecting his thoughts for an important proposition; but after a preliminary clearing of his throat, and with an air of grave astonishment, he only responded, 'Mr. ——, is it possible?' It is needless to say that the applicant transferred his suggestion and his support to another quarter."

Mr. Banks possesses, in a remarkable degree, the qualities of a presiding officer. His discretion, and that imperturbable calmness which has given to him the designation of the "Iron Man," are united to unwavering promptitude of decision, and to a thorough acquaintance with parliamentary rules. His voice is well trained and of great compass, and his utterance distinct and impressive. Though not of large frame, his presence and bearing when in

the chair are singularly dignified and commanding. During the most turbulent sessions of the last Congress, his little hammer striking on the desk, and his clear decisive call for "order," would quell the tumult like the edict of a despot.

Mr. Banks, just previously to his entrance in public, had begun the practice of law, for which he was trained in the office of his friend, the late Senator Rantoul. In consequence of public avocations he has never paid much attention to his profession. His books and his farm are the only things which divert him from the affairs of state. He has acquainted himself with the literature and languages of the principal European nations, and with the grave studies relating to the topics which an accomplished statesman has occasion to discuss. There is hardly a standard work of history, geography, or of the various sciences, of which he has not some knowledge; and although he can not be accused of making books, yet of his buying and reading them, it may be truly said, there is no end.

Mr. Banks lives in a quiet way upon a forty-acre farm in his native town of Waltham, some ten miles from Boston. The square white house, with its elm-shaded lawn in front, on which three little children may be seen playing, and the ample barns and wood-yards at the side, present a very pleasant picture to those who are interested in the character and history of the occupant. You may see him almost any day, during the intermission of public service, blasting the stubborn rocks from the soil of his farm, or driving his team afield with two sturdy-limbed broad-horned Devons, or weeding his turnip fields, or grafting, or inspecting the stable and the pig-pen; but, notwithstanding his rustic work and costume, you would not fail to recognize him—you would see something in his appearance which would at once identify the "Iron Man" whose picture is here published—the self-made mechanic whom the people have made Governor of Massachusetts.

A recent visitor thus describes the interior of his house:

"In the interior of the house, which is simply and elegantly furnished, the visitor finds the ex-Speaker and his wife, a woman who has gracefully and affectionately shared the fortunes of her husband in all his experiences, from the machine-shop at Waltham to the Speaker's chair at the Federal Capitol. The two older of his three children (his eldest born lies in the village burial-ground), one, a little girl, perhaps five years of age, and the other, Frémont Banks, a youngster of some three summers, are playing with their little wagon in the yard. The first thing that strikes the visitor on entering the house is the large number of books, books of law, of Parliamentary rules, geographies, histories, Political Philosophy, the English poets, books of German and French, among which he will see excellent copies of Helvetius, of Machiavel, of the Bible, and of the writings of Martin Luther. Even the Dutch are tributary, in whose language I observed several ponderous folios, illustrated with curious and rare engravings on subjects of theology, travels, and natural history.

"In view of Mr. Banks's past history and the brilliant prospects before him, it was pleasant, during my visit, to witness about his house such memorials of his early manual labor as the round centre-table, and other articles of household furniture, which in former days his own hands had fashioned. Nor was it less interesting, in our evening ride about the magnificent country-houses in Waltham, to have the ex-Speaker point to the wooden factory near the river as the place of his humble birth. Old Dr. Johnson's *salve magna parens!* with which, in his old age, he saluted his native hamlet, had not more spontaneous fervor and heartiness in it than the ex-Senator displayed when he indicated the exact room where he, 'as well as other Irish boys,' as he jocosely said, had been born."

There are few more characteristic examples of the democratic spirit of our institutions than the history of the barefoot boy of Waltham, the son of a factory operative, who, while still a young man, had risen against every combination of adverse circumstances, to occupy a position of official importance second only to the President of the nation—and whose fitness for his position has been ratified by the admiration of thousands both of his countrymen and of visitors from abroad.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 21, 1857.

MORE FILIBUSTERISM IN NICARAGUA.

General William Walker, late President of Nicaragua, has left New Orleans with four hundred men to renew the struggle in that republic. No one who knows Walker will have been taken by surprise by the news. He was no braggart, or empty talker; and he has never, since his return to the United States, made any secret of his intention to regain his lost Paradise at the earliest convenient opportunity. As usual, it appears that, after all the official vaporing we have heard, the United States authorities were cheaply outwitted by the Great Filibuster; he departed from New Orleans as easily as he departed, some years ago, from San Francisco.

The expedition has been precipitated by recent events. Costa Rica, having failed in her hope of winning over the United States to her private projects of spoliation with regard to Nicaragua, has just taken the law into her own hands, and announced that she held the Nicaragua Transit Route for sale to the highest bidder. Commodore Vanderbilt has accordingly dispatched his son-in-law, Allen, to treat with the Moras; and besides other applicants from this country, a French Company, with ample means, is understood to have made a bid for the valuable privilege of the Transit Route. This conjuncture, occurring simultaneously with the *coup d'état* in Mexico, has naturally accelerated Walker's movements, and precipitated his departure.

It is possible that the United States vessels in the Gulf may intercept Walker and prevent his landing; though the right of this Government to prevent emigration—even of armed men—from this country to foreign parts is by no means clear. But this occurrence is not probable. The chances are that Walker will land somewhere, and will renew the struggle which terminated so ingloriously at Rivas some months since.

It is not to be expected that the filibusters will carry with them, on this second enterprise, the sympathies which they enjoyed on the first. When Walker first established a government on an Anglo-Saxon basis in the State of Nicaragua, and showed that he was able to maintain it, the broad common sense of the people of this country justified him on the practical ground that it was better for the interests of commerce, civilization, and humanity that he should rule Nicaragua than that it should be left in prey to the semi-savages who occupied it. But when Walker, in spite of all his advantages, threw away the main prop of his enterprise—the regular line of steamers—and placed himself in such a position that he could no longer withstand the attacks of his Spanish neighbors, public sentiment experienced a change, and he lost public sympathy. Success being accepted by the masses as the test of right, when Walker failed he became a reprobate.

He renews the struggle laden with the evil prestige of defeat. On the undoubted proofs which he has given of rashness, recklessness, and fallibility, the public will not be disposed to augur favorably of this second adventure; and until he achieves some remarkable triumph, public opinion will be opposed to his success. If he be not generally denounced, at least very little interest will be felt in his prospects. Should he be taken by the Spaniards and hanged, as Lopez was, the masses of our people will not distress themselves. Should he succeed, and again establish himself on the dictatorial throne of Nicaragua, his standing here will depend on the character of his administration. Even now, were he to found a government under which life and property were secure, the rights of foreigners respected, the Transit Route permanently thrown open to the world, and a chance afforded for enterprise and capital to develop the abundant resources of the State of Nicaragua, he would regain the good-will of the American people, and an outside pressure which could not be resisted would compel the Government of the United States and Great Britain to recognize him. But, till this is done, his friends must resign themselves to see him and his scheme in general bad odor.

FINANCE IN EUROPE.

The arrivals of the *Ariel* and *Arabia* have set at rest the apprehension which was felt in some quarters lest the crisis which overthrew our banks here should have proved contagious abroad, and the Bank of England should have been forced to suspend. The financial community of England saw in our bank suspension nothing so obvious as a prospect of the cessation of the drain of specie westward; they welcomed it accordingly, and put a cheerful face on matters. The funds, under the spur of the fall of Delhi, actually rose two per cent., and orders for investment in American securities increased.

We have thus received the recoil that was so much dreaded. We are taught by it that a little more nerve and a little more common sense might have saved us much of the suffering and much of the disgrace which the events of the past two months have entailed upon us. The Bank of England had it in its power to produce a panic in London as severe as ours. Had it pursued the policy which was adopted by our banks, all England would have been bankrupt by this time, and its own suspension would not have been far distant. Instead of this we are given to understand that, to borrowers on good security, the bank continues to afford every accommodation at the current rate of interest; thus making the merchants sharers in the general inconvenience, it is true, but driving no undoubtedly solvent firm to suspend. Can we entertain the hope that the next time a severe pinch comes our bank managers will act with equal sagacity and prudence?

At the time we write the city banks are taking the first step toward a restoration of the old régime by providing for the gradual redemption of the country funds. They would have actually resumed specie payments generally but for the alarm which the idea of such a measure created in the country. They have more gold in vault than they ever had before, and many think that before the tide turns the specie reserve will actually reach the enormous figure of twenty-five millions, and that with the cotton crop ready to come forward. That a city with such resources should, a month since, have led the race of suspension of specie payments, impaired American credit throughout the world, and trembled on the verge of universal bankruptcy, is ridiculous and pitiable.

THE LOUNGER.

THANKSGIVING.

The very word sounds like a blessing. The whole week seems to be covered with plums, and to smell of roast turkey and pumpkin-pie. The boys have visions of snow and sliding, or coasting. The parents open their homes and hearts to the long absent. Business stops suddenly on a week-day, and the clergyman smacks his lips at the chance of quitting the sinners of Jericho and Jerusalem and attending a little to those of his own parish. On Thanksgiving Day ministers may preach politics, or apply Christianity to life; and the young people may dance after the sermon.

The beauty of the day is this mingling of sacred and secular concerns. Each mellows and refines the other. The world, so to say—that is, the best and tenderest aspect of the world (*not* the flesh and the devil) humanize a little the austerity of religion, and religion refines and consecrates the work of the world.

The Lounger wishes the spirit might overflow from Thanksgiving Week into all others. Why should good-fellowship, and Christian sympathy, and devout gratitude depend upon turkeys and pumpkins? Why not have the same hearty, genial sympathy when the leaves are on the trees as when they are off? During Thanksgiving Week there is a spirit in many hearts out of which it would not be hard to construct a Christian Commonwealth. But in all the other weeks of the year who dare believe that he sees even a stone of its outermost wall?

There is, indeed, at this season one question that perplexes the philosophic mind. Charles Lamb held that pigs of well-ordered minds submitted with chastened enthusiasm to the roasting and browning process that fitted them for appreciating palates—a gustatory sacrifice. One asks, with sincere interest, if it be so with turkeys? Is that fowl capable of a sentiment so becoming and ennobling? Is it quite consonant with a just theory of the goodness of Nature that the tempting but unmusical bird, upon which rests the institution of Thanksgiving, is altogether unconscious of his dignity? Is not the Thanksgiving dinner the apotheosis of turkey?

Let the question be discussed with the bird, nor forget this—that whoever gives a turkey to those who can not buy one, gives himself also a cause of thanksgiving which the price of many turkeys could not procure.

PROPOSALS FOR MAKING PUNCH.

The Lounger has often discussed with wittier friends why we have no *Punch*, or periodical bowl of fun and humor—of quips and cranks upon the times, and their persons and events.

Franco says, "First catch your hare—bring on your wits, and we'll have *Punch* fast enough."

Three Governors rejoins, "I see, every week, as good things in *MS.*—hear as clever things, and laugh at caricatures as droll, as you ever find in *Punch*."

Sydney insists that we are a grim, grave people, and that our fun is more sardonic and furious than it is humorous and enjoyable.

Hardscrabble sneers at the very idea. "Make fun of persons and events? Fiddle dee dee! How absurd! You never can do or say any thing piquant in this darned country but somebody sues you for slander, or bangs at you with a revolver. No, Sir! Dish-water, made to taste as much like rose-water as possible, is the favorite intellectual food of that great lanky, boasting booby, Brother Jonathan. He doesn't dare to call his soul his own, lest somebody who hasn't any soul should feel uncomfortable."

"Besides," interpolates little Tripe, "a man can't be witty for nothing; and what is the current price of jokes? Does any body suppose *Punch* is a benevolent institution—that all the witticisms are not paid for by the line? I am ready to be very funny upon liberal terms."

Now the Lounger, whose letter-box has already received so many capital communications, for which, even when not printed, his heart swells with gratitude, proposes to receive and make public all the good things—the jokes, the sarcasms, the puns, and conundrums—that may be sent to him. Thus, as they increase and regularly appear, the public will learn where to look for them and to be sure of finding them; and, consequently, the advantages of this medium become conspicuous. When you have said a good thing, or heard it, you may extend your triumph, and secure the enjoyment of thousands more, by writing it out wittily, and sending it to the Lounger.

We have enforced a subsidy from some of the wittier friends of whom mention was made, which we regard as the elements merely of a weekly *Punch* (look out for the pun); and as the poets had a "corner," when they died, at one end of Westminster Abbey, so shall the wits have one, while they live, in *Harper's Weekly*.

THE WITS' END.

Dear Lounger,—In accordance with what we were saying over the Lager last night, try these, but don't put our names to them. Yours,

Franco,
Sydney,
Three Governors,
Hard Scrabble,
Little Tripe.

MESSES FOR THE TIMES.

I.

To make a Ville Soufflée or a Raised City.

Take a mare (of Wood, if possible), *try* well, but not to the Sing-Sing point: lard with "doubtful powers" at discretion: stir well with rum, riot, and blood: serve in a council of the commonest kind, cover it with Tammany sauce, then let it work without the slightest restraint, and you will have a city raised about your ears quite as soon as you are ready for it.

II.

To feed Fifty Thousand; or, a little Dinner à la Runk.

Choose the head of a city. Take out of it all principle—if you can find it—give it a belly (or corporation) entirely under it—open its mouth and let it tell fifty thousand poor men that they are oppressed by the rich: public tables are immediately spread: work is suspended: the Corporation goes to market for the whole city; and universal peace, prosperity, and contentment, with the apotheosis of Teresa J. Runk, ensues. Fare-thee-well.

Strange to relate, dear Lounger, as we sat at the table making these little efforts, there came, apparently under the table, three distinct raps—thump, thump, thump. Nothing daunted, we immediately betook ourselves to repeating the formula provided for such circumstances, which is nothing less than the alphabet. So we called over the letters; but nothing followed until we came to M, which was succeeded by such a shower of raps that we were all ready to fly. Composing ourselves, however, we called on until M-r-s. was distinctly announced; and then, in due order, S-i-d-d-o-n-s, and we prepared ourselves to receive an important communication from that distinguished actress. Our first impression was that the mighty mother of the stage was about to express herself upon the Queen Catharine of Miss Cushman; but we were quickly undeceived. After a long process of rapping—the tedium of which induces us to propose that the overseer of spiritual highways shall improve and repair the communication between the two spheres of intelligence—this was the result:

Shakspeare adapted to the use of New York voters and tax-payers.

First Citizen.

Good-morning, worship's honor, Mr. Mayor!
Canst thou call spirits from the vasty deep?

Mr. Mayor.

Yes, faith; altho' it be among my doubtful powers.

Citizen.

But will they come when thou dost summon them?

Mr. Mayor.

Oh! fast enough; but when they do, I'm blest
If I distinctly know how to manage them.
I only want their votes, and they want bread;
I get their votes, and then I give them lead.

[*Flourish. Exit Mayor; citizens converse.*

THAT SHALT BE KING HEREAFTER!

The Lounger was speaking of the poor King of Prussia last week. He said it was hard to be a King when you took away the hedge of divinity. Royalty, when you have once read history and memoirs, is an affair of the imagination altogether. If it be considered a part of the pomp and ceremonial of state, it ought, at least, to be kept up with unflagging spirit. As long as you have a King, you certainly ought to make believe you believe in him, for the sake of other people. And if the sovereign be a noble man or woman, you can believe without making believe.

Now the Prince of Wales is upon his travels, and we observe in an English paper the following:

"The education of the future Sovereign appears to be very judicious. He is made to travel by the ordinary passenger trains, and his carriage to stop to let down and take up passengers, like any other traveler. The equipage with which he traveled on the Continent, we see, is of the humblest description, far inferior in style and appearance to that of most of our nobility, or even gentry. The wisdom of his father is doing its best to frame the character and mind of our future monarch to become a blessing to his subjects."

But (Major Boanerges Bellerophon apart) a wondering Lounger would inquire, is this wise? The young man is always going to be an extraordinary passenger, and why should he travel in the ordinary way? He is going to be the royal head of the nobility and gentry, and why should he not be treated with the ceremony due to that consideration? He is not like other men, and never will be, in the matter of carriages and things external, and there seems to be nothing very judicious in regarding him as if he were. Should he ever be in exile or dethroned, he won't travel any more comfortably or willingly in a carriage of the humblest description, because as heir-apparent he goes in that way, with an open incognito.

The intention is kind enough of course, but the "wisdom" does not seem to be so evident. A King or Prince should move in royal and princely state. The state is, in fact, the great thing; the monarch himself being but a ceremony, and you can't very well celebrate mass in a Quaker meeting-house.

THE MAIL-BAG.

Major Boanerges Bellerophon, of H. M. 210th Hussars, begs to suggest to the Lounger that he should be more circumspect in speaking of the King of Prussia. The article in the Lounger of November 14th, entitled "Alas! poor Yorick," is disagreeable to Major B. B., and he desires the Lounger to refrain from such remarks in future, or he will feel himself obliged to request a settlement of the difficulty in the manner usually recognized among gentlemen. (Major Boanerges Bellerophon would add, parenthetically, that he has already settled several such things in a most satisfactory manner, having killed all but two of his opponents on the nine occasions of the kind in which he has participated—and these two, he is happy to say, lost each a right leg, and were otherwise permanently maimed.) If the Lounger should see fit to speak again of his late Majesty of France as "Mr. Smith, with a baggy family umbrella," Major B. B. will regard it as a personal insult.

Major Boanerges Bellerophon is also constrained to object to the communication of Mrs. (or Miss) Boadicea Brown Smithson, and desires to know if she has a brother, or husband, or cousin, whom Major B. B. could immediately insult on behalf of the British ladies so ruthlessly assailed in that communication.

Major Bellerophon would suggest, also, that it would save a great deal of trouble if the Lounger

would bring him his articles for supervision before they are published. Should the Major be engaged or in bed when the Lounger calls, there is a comfortable ante-room in which he can wait, with the valet of Major B.

Major B. B. is upon a tour of pleasure in the United States, and he does not choose to submit to disagreeable things in the newspapers. He therefore begs the Lounger to beware.

THE BEAUTY OF AMERICAN LADIES.

NEW YORK, *9th Nov.*, '57.

DEAR LOUNGER,—On this subject I do not wish to controvert the prevailing idea, which appears to be something of this sort—that the American women, as a whole, are the most beautiful (quantitatively and qualitatively) of the sex in this ugly world. My object at present is to suggest, through the medium of *Harper's Weekly*, a method of testing the truth of the theory, and in a future communication I may give the result of my observations here, recently and some years ago. The method is simple: In any large assemblage of ladies, let the ratio of the beautiful to the whole be noted, and a sufficient number of such ratios taken to form a fair average, rejecting, of course, both extremes of age from the operation. For example, let those who walk extensively, or who frequent theatres or churches, where the features can be discerned distinctly, count the number of ladies they can observe, and note those among them who are beautiful—doing so for many days in various walks and places of assemblage. Then let the return be sent in to the *Weekly*, and Mr. Lounger, the ladies' man, will collate them, and strike the average, which will give pretty nearly, I should think, the (quantitative) percentage of female beauty in America. That will be a great problem solved, truly; and the result will doubtless astound many. But, Mr. Editor, *you* know, if many here don't, that America is not all the world; so you will have to send commissions to decide the vital question, at any rate to the other centres of the Caucasian Races—to London, to Paris, to Madrid, to Rome, to Vienna, to St. Petersburg, etc.—and having gathered the mathematical data, I hope we will be able to say that America's women are the most beautiful of the earth. Yours truly, J. W.

KALMIA, *November* 7, 1857.

DEAR LOUNGER,—It is a woman who ventures to address you, though she uses another hand—that of her lord and master—to convey her thoughts. It is all out of my own head, this letter of mine, and so you are not to be huffy about it, even if it prove to be all wrong, and a great piece of impudence.

We live in a little village, my husband and I, and we have *such* a dear little boy, who is just as high as the table; and we all love each other as much as the people in any story-book you ever read—and that is our history.

We are readers, and get a great many papers, home and foreign, and are very fond of the *Weekly*, and much obliged to you for the amusement we get from it; and when I have looked over the pictures (for I am young yet), and my husband settles himself in his arm-chair, and begins, in his deep-chested voice—

["Nonsense, Sue!"
"Put down every word, Sir; it is my letter, and besides you promised—"]

deep-chested voice, to read to me at my work, I don't envy any queen certainly, and only wish all women were as happy as I am. But there is one thing pains me always in the tone of all American papers, and the *Weekly* among the rest, and I am sure it must be *real* and *striking*, for it has impressed itself forcibly upon *me*, who am not, perhaps, very bright, but only try to be as good as I can.

Is it possible, you will say, that "a raw wench just from her primer," as that good but gruff Dr. Johnson once phrased it, has the audacity to remark upon the conduct of the metropolitan Press? Much she knows about such things in the woods! and very modest her proceedings are, truly!

But, dear Lounger, every man is interested in elevating and holding aloft the standard of our home life—every man, and every woman, too, how much! As my husband says—

["It is your letter; don't quote me."
"Hush, Sir."]

says, "The crowning achievement of modern civilization is the creation of the home; and its grandest phase is to be seen in the peace and purity and tender charities that cluster around the hearthstone of the Christian gentleman."

So we are all interested alike, and you must not be vexed, you good soul.

["What talk is this, Sue?"]

Besides, I am not censuring, but only offering a plea.

["Your letter is all preface, Sue, like the Hidalgo's supper, very little meat and a great deal of table-cloth. Suppose you 'leave off your damnable faces,' as the man says in the play, 'and begin—'"
"Hush! you wicked man."]

Well, then, there is a certain levity, a certain flippancy of tone, so to speak, in the papers of our country when they record the vices and follies, the social and moral shortcomings and overgoings of the life around them, which strikes upon the heart like a chill. In my country solitude it seems to me as if (pardon me) the leaders of opinion were being led; as if familiarity with wrong, and evil, and folly, had dulled their finer sense and lowered their standard of what is good, and beautiful, and true. For the most part they content themselves with a cold recital of facts as they may be, or with a jocular commentary upon such of the external features of the evil as may serve to amuse the unthinking. The maintenance of their function as censors of public morals, as counselors of public welfare; a bold, unsparing denunciation of wrong and of folly, where it verges, as it too often does, into criminality, I find sometimes in the English papers, but very rarely in ours.

I do not allude merely to the sinful extravagance in living and in dress of which our women are accused—

["That's in the blood, and can neither be laughed nor reasoned out of them, my dear."
"Hush!"]

These things may be fitting topics for satire; and being frivolous themselves—

["Frivolous! The country is dead broke along of them!"]

frivolous themselves, may be treated frivolously. But graver matters, so grave that they disgrace us as a people, so grave that they threaten with danger all that is good in our lives, and cast an ominous shadow upon the future of our hitherto happy country, are handled in the same—if I must say it—heartless way. Surely this can not be right.

Is it that you men who live in the great world and at the centres of population and progress have come to despair of any remedy for the evils you chronicle, and conscious that all things here are traveling upon a downward slope, would have us understand from this your manner what you do not care to say in words, that there is no hope?

When you think of the thousands and millions of inexperienced people yearly growing up to the responsibilities of citizens, wives, husbands, and fathers, who look to the press as the exponent of public opinion, in a land where Opinion is ruler, and whose standard of what life should be is insensibly moulded by the daily utterance of the press, you will not, I hope, be vexed with a young wife and mother, anxious to shield her child—and children, you know, are "the ever-renewed hope of the world"—from contact with aught that speaks, or seems to speak, from "the platform" of an implied acquiescence in wrong.

Now I have done.

["If we break, love, you must positively go into the lecturing business, and support the infant Edward and myself. This is a charming dissertation; but I very much doubt if 'mine ancient,' the Lounger, will be able to see the point of it, exactly. However, put your fist to it."] SUE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—BOADICEA BROWN SMITHSON (*last week's Lounger*).—The Lounger is sure you were not aware of the presence in the country of Major Boanerges Bellerophon, or you would not have compromised him as you did by your letter of last week. You seem to be very furious against English ladies, and insist with great warmth that they do not know how to dress well. That may be; but what the English lady says in the letter you quote is true of all good society, whether in England or in any other country. A gentleman or lady is always such under all circumstances. Ignorance and vulgarity are not peculiar to any class. You will see it at Saratoga and Newport, as you do at the Five Points. Miss Muskrat, who is devoted to dress, and always mindful of her folds and flounces, is not a lady except in a technical sense. Dress-makers do not make ladies, any more than a plume makes a hero, or a crown a queen. You must not make the great mistake of supposing that persons who live in a certain quarter, have a certain income, dress in the fashion, and visit certain other people, are therefore ladies and gentlemen. In an aristocratic society, where rank and wealth, and all their advantages, are hereditary, the chance is that persons in a certain rank have a certain education and refinement of manner. But in a country where fortunes are usually made by their possessors, and not inherited, the chance is that the owner has been so busy acquiring his fortune that he has had very little taste or time to acquire any thing else. When you have money enough, you may be fashionable, if you have wit enough to go to the best dress-maker and trust to her taste. In fact, Boadicea, if you are in doubt about a person, and wish to know whether she be really a lady or not, don't watch her in the society of other well-dressed people in her parlor, but mark how she treats servants, beggars, and poor relations.

—MAJOR BOANARGES BELLEROPHON (*this Lounger*).—Indeed!

—SUE (*this Lounger*).—There is enough truth in your complaint to make a wise man think. But remember how flowery your neighbor's field always looks; and how Rasselas sighed in his happy valley. Other lands, England quite as much as any, is subject to the same complaint. The reasons of the state of things you deplore lie very deep in national character and education. It is, after all, only certain things that the English papers discuss with that simple earnestness which charms you and all ingenuous minds. Great national prejudices have long and tangled roots in the national mind. The questions they involve *can not* be discussed fairly, because they do not stand upon their own merits. They are entwined and interlinked as an ailanthus may be by lovely and fragile vines, which to touch is to destroy. You may satisfy yourself that the ailanthus ought to come down. But you will still hesitate between your love of the vine and your judgment upon the tree. In this country where people are compelled to work hard and anxiously, they require that every thing which is not work shall be recreation. Hence a vein of *persiflage* is the popular vein. A newspaper which wishes to be universally acceptable (that is to say, to put money in the proprietor's purse), does not hesitate to deride principle, to mock at all kinds of earnestness, and to smile the Mephistophilian smile of sneering sarcasm, which is thought to be the very consummation of worldly wisdom by people whose thoughts are not very valuable. So a lecturer must first of all entertain, and nobody objects to any truth or appeal of principle, provided they were previously indifferent to it.

But, then, this is not true alone of ourselves. Sydney Smith's contempt of the Methodists, and the profound dislike and suspicion of Dissenters entertained by the English Church, at this day, reveals the same kind of inflexible prejudice. And the whole subject of loyalty in England can only be treated adversely as *Punch* treats it; as, for instance, upon the advent of the last royal infant.

Then Mrs. Sue must consider that fun is not necessarily flippant. Satire and ridicule have been always the most potent ministers of good morals and manners. Every wise fisher understands how much he must humor certain fish before he can land them. Apparently he is only playing with them, or even letting them go, but really he is securing them. Great wrongs are to be attacked in every way. But if the assault be honest, and to the best of the assaulter's ability, it all tells. Samson may thunder against the wall with a battering-ram; but the lesser heroes must content themselves with appropriate pop-guns.

Mrs. Sue, you are cajoling the Lounger into a volume. But when you think they manage these things better in England, remember that every great journal there is the organ of some party, and gives the partisan, or, in an emergency like the present, the English view of a question. The London *Times* aims to represent general public opinion. Its standard is what people think, not what they ought to think. A *leader* in that paper, however able, is absurdly named. It should be called a sign-post. It stands still, and points in the direction in which the popular mind is traveling. It is always behind, never before. Do you suppose the *Times* could *lead* the English to another view of the India question?

—J. W. (*in to-day's Lounger*).—The Lounger will be very glad to receive all the reports suggested by our sagacious correspondent; and since Mr. Barnum's great plan came to no very remarkable result, the Lounger hopes that this important question may now be faithfully investigated and determined.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

IN THE PARK.

IF there is any thing that I like better than any thing else, it is a military parade. I admire the self-sacrifice of the rank and the file, the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery, the pioneers, the generals, the colonels, and the staff officers, and the doctors, and the captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates, who parade up and down Broadway, carrying swords, and muskets, and sabres, and getting their new trowsers muddy, all for the delectation of male and female Bohemians who have nothing to do but look at them. So I went to the Park one fine afternoon last week to see some demonstration in favor of some regiment that had wheeled, and marched, and charged bayonets, and done all sorts of things better than some other regiment, and was to have something nice given to it for so doing. What a tempting Bohemian day it was! The last sighs of summer were borne on the breeze, stirring the stunted grass, and condoling with the dwarfed trees on the deprivation of their foliage. The young ladies and gentlemen in the boot-blacking and crossing-sweeping professions (every thing is a "profession" nowadays) suspended their avocations for the time; the Bohemians who sit all day swinging upon the fence chains, and meditating on great questions of finance, recovered from their *ennui*, and pricked up their ears at the sound of martial music up Broadway; the loungers at Delmonico's, who always have an appointment with some mysterious person that never comes, paraded in solemn conclave, and took possession of the City Hall steps; the ladies, bless 'em, in all their new dry goods, gazed with a mingled air of patronage and benevolence from the balcony; an Irish patriot who has drawn the sword in many a rounded period and glowing peroration, hung his glazed boots out of the window of the Naturalization Office. What a superb tableau!

There was only one drawback. Somebody has asked himself the rather impertinent question, "Are we a polite people?" and then has applied himself to the work of proving that we are not. He is quite right. On this grand day there might have been three thousand people in the Park. The only polite persons were certain enterprising young men who climbed into the trees, and so got out of the way. Every body on the ground pushed against every body else. No matter if one took a clear space with ample room for free circulation all about him, it seemed that people went out of their way for the express purpose of pushing, and crowding, and jostling each other. I have been at Versailles when the grand fountains played for the amusement of fifty thousand people. The crowd seemed impenetrable, and yet no one jostled his neighbor. The American abroad is as polite as a Frenchman, at home he is not quite so considerate of the feelings of his fellow-man as a Kaffir. Is there any thing in our glorious Constitution which allows or obliges a free and independent citizen to go out of his way to make other free and independent citizens uncomfortable? I have perused that lively document, but am unable to find any such provision.

But to return to the gallant defenders of our country's glory. Down Broadway sweeps a large number of gentlemen, with shakos, and sabres, and little jackets braided and yellow-taped, with horse-tails, and horses which daily perform the victories of peace, no less renowned than those of war, in grocery-wagons. After them are the pioneers referred to by General Othello in his meditations anent the flirtations of Desdemona (I shall write an essay for the Fifth Avenue one of these days upon the question as to whether or not Desdemona ever did flirt with Cassio), and then some patriotic gentlemen in the absurd costume affected by our Revolutionary fathers when Congress gave them any costumes at all; now we have—good gracious!—eight little red monkeys beating drums—no, they are boys—and behind them such a splendid band! That's one thing in which the universal Yankee nation can "whip the world," and, in a Bohemian point of view, it is more important than M'Cormick's reapers. I suppose we would have bread just the same if the reaping was done in the old way, but where would we get good music if we hadn't good bands?

There is a stir, a waving of handkerchiefs from the balcony, a murmur of applause, as *the* regiment wheels under the shadow of old Tammany, and with drums beating, colors flying, bayonets glittering, sweeps into the Park. The Superintendent of Police, in a new blue coat and a high state of excitement, makes all sorts of lines with his men. Out from the Temple of Municipal Rights comes the Mayor with a staff, behind him more men in seedy black coats with more staves (they are our rulers), and then some unmilitary-looking men in splendid uniforms, and in the rear various politicians who think they ought to be in office, and assume the dignity without the place. All sorts of saluting, and drums beating, and huzzaing, and the gallant heroes are allowed to rest, while the officers come to the front, and a fat general in spectacles makes a long speech to them about what a great country this is, and what a great regiment they command, and what a great thing the militia system is, and how he knows that they will always be ready at the call of duty, and how he is going to give the regiment a bronze eagle, perched on the top of a thick fishing-rod, with four horse-tails underneath, because they shouldered, and grounded, and carried arms better than any body else. Then he gave the bird of freedom to the Colonel, and that functionary made a similar speech, not quite so long (I suspect the gallant hero's toes began to feel cold—mine did, and the Mayor's nose was very blue), and the Colonel gave the bird to the Color-Sergeant, the little red monkeys made a great row with the drums, the band played, the ladies made further dry-goods demonstrations, all the regiment shouted, and the thing was placed on the right of the standard. Then the poor Mayor was allowed to go to his dinner, and the other Corporation people to theirs, and the Delmonico light guard returned in solid column to their arm-chairs, and the gallant soldiery were lost to view in a grand crush of stages, and policemen, and small boys, and the general whirl of Broadway at five o'clock on a fine afternoon.

I am very much obliged to the —st Regiment for the show, and I wish somebody would give them something on every fine day in the week.

THE QUESTION OF CLOTHES.

As a Bohemian I have a profound regard for good clothes. Like my nomadic progenitors, I would, if it was not inconvenient, array myself in many-colored garments, and wear as many daggers that wouldn't stab, pistols that wouldn't go off, and watches without propelling power, as the late Mr. Seguin, in Mr. Balfe's "Girl," whom he absurdly called "Bohemian," when she's nothing of the sort. But I have never viewed the question of clothes in its broadest aspect. Here you have it from a source no less important than the *Mirror of Fashion*:

> We know nothing of the ancients, *compared with what we should know if they had published their fashions of dress regularly*, as we moderns are doing. It is true that we know by their statues and the few writings which they left, that they inhabited one-story dwellings and tents, and lived most of the time out of doors, clothing themselves with blankets and shawls, like our Indians, and like them, going nearly naked to war or to work. *Tailoring*—the great refining element of civilization—had not yet illuminated the minds of men, *hence the world was divided up into small tribes of antagonistic vassals, knowing no better than to serve as serfs and slaves.*

It might be objected to the above lucid statement, that the term "ancients" is rather vague; it may refer to the distinguished company in the Ark, or the veterans of the war of eighteen-hundred-and-twelve. But that is hypercriticism. The important questions of ethnology, philosophy, physiology, and other ologies, which are settled by this little paragraph, have puzzled the *savans* for centuries. The difference is all in the clothes. Hereafter let no man sneer at young Fastboy because he adorns himself with gay waistcoats and stunning trowsers, or make sarcastic remarks at Ethelinda's crinoline. They are important agents in bringing about the civilization of the nineteenth century; and it is a logical conclusion that if we could all have such waistcoats, and trowsers, and skirts, the world would rise to a pitch of civilization heretofore unknown; and with Mr. Mackay on the spot, we should not have the slightest difficulty in fixing the exact date when his good time, so long coming, would arrive.

FORMES!

"HIS name is not *Forms*, my dear—Formes—two syllables—short sound of "e," hard sound of "s." Handsome man he is too; all the girls say so. He is nearly as tall as General Scott, and has a voice like the roar of a Dahlgren gun. Thoroughly German is he, devoted to Meyerbeer, and thinks Von Weber a divinity. On this point he is as orthodox as the director of a theatre in Germany, who was shocked by the irreverence of a friend who said that Von Weber was a humbug. Directly after the discussion the troubles of forty-eight broke out. The believer in Von Weber and the scoffer both went to the barricades. The scoffer was killed, and said the director, "I mourned for him as my brother and my fellow-student; but the memory of Von Weber must be avenged. Art rises superior to the considerations of private friendship. I produced Der Freischutz, myself playing Zamiel. I discovered the body of Carl among a heap of slain, and I had the pleasure of revenging the slight he put upon the divine master by using the skull of my friend in the incantation scene."

Formes, they say, will début in *Robert le Diable*. There's an excitement for you!

Meantime we solace ourselves with the new tenor, who, if he has not usurped Brignoli, has somewhat shaken the throne where the lazy Neapolitan has reclined for two seasons while female New York pelted him with roses.

All sorts of oratorios, concerts, and *matinées*, are promised us, and the Academy will soon be the most popular, as it is the most proper, place of resort in the metropolis.

But when a Bohemian talks of propriety he grows dull, and therefore should stop.

BOHEMIAN.

THE FALL OF DELHI.

THE city has just been electrified by the news that Delhi has fallen. We hasten to anticipate the public wish by republishing, from our Number of 19th October, our plan of the City of Delhi, which illustrates the assault in the most admirable manner.

It will be remembered that the last news we had from Delhi—before the arrival of the present mail—simply announced that the British were growing bolder, and were receiving reinforcements. General Nicholson's column, consisting of the 52d Light Infantry, a wing of the 61st Foot, and several Sikh corps, had arrived in camp; and a further reinforcement was daily expected from Cashmere. General Nicholson had intercepted a force of mutineers near Nujuffghur, and defeated them with great loss. These were about all the important items of news from Delhi by the mail before last. It was added that General Wilson expected to be soon able to act on the offensive, but the uncertainty of expectations in military matters, and the natural tendency which would operate on a man in General Wilson's position to put the best face on affairs, rather discouraged public confidence in the prediction.

It was realized, however. The siege train, which had been so long expected, arrived in camp on 5th September; and with the utmost expedition batteries were erected close to the walls, and the bombardment began. The site of these new batteries was on a line ranging between the Hindoo Rao's House and Ludlow Castle—both of which will be found marked on our plan. It must be presumed that the siege train was light—at least in comparison with those which we used to hear of during the siege of Sebastopol; for the pounding continued for several days without destroying the wall. On the 10th and 11th September the garrison became desperate, and made several sorties; but they were repulsed each time with severe loss. General Wilson, wisely determining to take advantage of the demoralization consequent upon their defeats, ordered the assault for the 14th, and issued a general order to his troops, commanding them to spare the women and children, *but to give no quarter to the mutineers.* No doubt the severity of this latter injunction was justified by the atrocious barbarities perpetrated by the Sepoys; but we believe the order to be unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare.

Soon after daybreak, on the 14th, the army moved forward in four columns, and concentrated their attack on the Cashmere Gate and the vicinity (see our plan). One of the columns (composed of the contingent from Cashmere) was repulsed; the other three effected an entrance without much difficulty and with little loss. The assailants then turned to their right, and charged along the battered curtain and bastion to the Cabul Gate. There was some hard fighting here; the English lost 600 men; but eventually they possessed themselves of the whole northern defenses of the city, including the Cashmere, Mohur, and Cabul Gates, St. James's Church, the College, and the other large buildings in the northern part of the city (see our plan.)

At daybreak, on the 15th, the firing recommenced, the British having used the night to lodge their siege train in the works they had taken the day before, and the insurgents pounding away from the Lahore Bastion, the Palace, Selimgurh, and the New City. During the day, large numbers of the insurgents were seen escaping across the river by the Bridge, and also by the roads leading to the south. No further capture was made till that night, however; but during the night, a body of troops advanced along the Water Bastion, and shortly before daybreak the Magazine (No. 9, on our plan) was taken. The loss, it seems, was trifling, the English having only a few wounded, and the natives about 40 killed. A line of posts was established across the city from the Cabul Gate to the Magazine, and by the close of that day, all Delhi, north of the canal, was in the hands of the British.

The rest may be told in a single word. On the 20th September the whole city was taken by the British. This is the brief announcement which the telegraph gives us; of the desperate struggle of the 18th, 19th, and 20th, we know nothing as yet. We are assured, however, that the loss of the British was not severe.

We hear that the King of Delhi has escaped, with his sons, in woman's clothing, and his women in men's dress.

The chances are that they will be taken before long. Indeed a rumor was prevalent at the time the last mail left to the effect that the King had already perished. Should they fall into the hands of the soldiers their fate would be certain. The halter would be their natural portion. Neither the age of the King, nor the compulsion under which the sons would most naturally urge that they had acted, would be received as a defense.

For in the harem of that King of Delhi have seven English women been immured for the last four months. They were all selected by the mutineers for their beauty and their tender youth. One, the daughter of a clergyman, and almost a child, was dragged in a state of nudity through the streets of Delhi, and rescued from the ruthless hands of the populace to be presented to the King. Another, who was brought from a distance, saw her father butchered, and her mother and sisters subjected to unspeakable outrages before death; herself spared their fate on account of her wonderful loveliness, only that she might be reserved for a worse calamity. No doubt death has released some of these; to a high-bred Englishwoman confinement in the harem of a hoary sensualist like the King of Delhi must have been worse than death. But there may be some of the seven yet living; and till they are accounted for, and their deceased sisters avenged, there will be no safe place in this world for the King of Delhi to hide his head.

We hear little of the slaughter which must have accompanied the capture of the place. But it must have been terrible. Though only 600 of the English are said to have perished, the loss of the enemy was probably as much greater as their total number was larger than that of their assailants.

One can not help noticing, in connection with the bill of mortality, that out of the whole 600 Englishmen who died no less than fifty were officers. This large proportion tells a tale of courage and of despair. Not a few of the men who fought at Delhi had lost wife, children, family, property, home, and all; they had nothing to live for, and they died cheerfully, no doubt, appeased, if not consoled, by the sacrifice of their enemies. The few survivors of the massacres at Cawnpore and Futteghur would not be likely, on such an occasion as this, to take much thought of their own safety. Their friends and relations from the adjacent stations—who have been flocking to the camp before Delhi for some weeks—would deem any risk amply compensated by the destruction of their brutal foes.

Nor can one feel astonishment at any bloodthirstiness on the part of the avengers.

The illustration on the following page represents the scene which took place in India at the residence of Lieutenant Ferguson, on the night of the outbreak of the Sepoys. In the language of a newspaper correspondent:

"Mrs. F. was seated in her sitting-room, with her two youngest children, one of whom, being only a few weeks old, was in his mother's arms. Her husband had been summoned at an early hour that day to the quarters of his commanding officer, and had not returned. Rumors of disaffection among the Sepoys had been afloat for some time at the station, and many of the European residents were much alarmed; but Mrs. F., a young woman of much force of character and excellent heart, relying on the pleasant terms on which she had always lived with the natives, many of whom owed her more gratitude than they could ever pay, was remarked for her ease of mind and seemingly undisturbed confidence in her servants. As night fell she sent a messenger to head-quarters to inquire about her husband: he did not return. An hour elapsed, during which persons kept constantly rushing into Mrs. F.'s room, laden with tidings of a revolt among the Sepoys, until that lady, whose fortitude had never been shaken, became so much agitated as to dispatch a second messenger to her husband, entreating him to tell her the truth. This messenger, a servant named Halu, had for years been in the employ of the Europeans at the station. Having, in a moment of intoxication, stabbed one of his countrymen, he would have been executed for the offense but for the energetic appeals urged on his behalf by Lieutenant F. The earnestness with which this officer argued that he had erred in a moment of passion, and did not deserve the penalty of the deliberate assassin, ultimately led to his pardon; upon which he entered his saviour's service, and devoted his life to his interests—at the usual wages per month.

"This was the individual who was sent to the barracks at half past eight with a note for Lieutenant F. When he arrived there he found—as there is every reason to suppose he anticipated—a scene of uproar and confusion—the officers endeavoring to muster their men, the men standing apart in groups, conversing angrily, and evidently preparing for a fight.

"Halu instantly threw himself into a knot of the most boisterous Sepoys, and addressed them warmly in their native tongue. At the close of the harangue he wrested a musket from a soldier, and turning toward the officers, made a few steps in advance. Lieutenant F. recognized him.

"'Is that you, Halu? That's right. Explain to these fellows that no interference has been, or will be, attempted with their religion; but that if they mutiny they will be punished with the utmost rigor.'

"Halu stood still a moment, his comrades silently gathering round him. Then slowly raising his gun, he took deliberate aim, and muttering the word 'Accursed!' shot the Major of the regiment from his horse. He stood in the front row of the officers, and being a large man, was a prominent mark. The felon shot was the signal for a volley under which twenty more officers and civilians fell. There was nothing now left for it but escape, and the survivors among the officers and their friends, picking up their murdered friends, retreated hastily to their quarters in the barracks, and proceeded to barricade them. The doors were strongly fortified, and loopholed mattresses hung before the windows. They could hold out for the night, at all events.

"The frantic joy of the revolted Sepoys manifested itself in wild dances and songs, and the savage mutilation of the corpses which lay before them. Halu did not stay to indulge in such frivolities. He ran back to his own quarters without delay.

"Mrs. F. was watching from the window. Vague rumors of the mutiny had reached her, and her agony of mind can be better imagined than described. When she saw Halu approach the door with a companion, her heart leaped, and she sank into a chair, pressing her babe to her breast.

"'What news?' she cried, before he entered.

"There was a good deal of news in the fierce countenance of the brutal savage who entered her room, with a bloody sword in his hand. News in the fellow's firm tread and insolent carriage. News in the sarcastic grin on Halu's face as he held the torch high in air. News in the bare fact of these Hindoos bursting without warning into the room of an officer's wife, and standing there unabashed before her. She need not have asked, What news?

"The foremost of the pair uttered a wild exclamation in his native tongue, and seized the little girl by the dress, lifting her high in air. The poor mother sprang to her succor, but was struck back into her chair by a heavy blow from the fist of Halu, who drew a knife and held it to her throat. Meanwhile his companion swung the elder child at arm's-length for a moment; then, with a heavy blow with his sword, he struck its head off. The poor little head rolled on the carpet, the fair hair bedabbled with blood; the little face stiffened into rigidity with the smile it had worn when the child fancied her murderer was swinging her for her amusement, as her father had been used to do. Gayest childish thoughts were uppermost when she yielded her spirit.

"The mother sat like a stone in her chair. There was no tear in her eye; she never stirred. Not from fear; for she put out her hand to push away Halu's knife, and laid open a deep gash in her palm, without noticing it. Her senses were paralyzed.

"The Hindoo kicked the lifeless head about on the floor for a moment or two, then approaching Mrs. F., he beckoned to her to give him the babe, the babe she held in her arms. Instinctively she thrust her purse toward him, her watch, her bracelets, her rings. She pointed to a jewel-box; it was instantly rifled. All these treasures secured, the Sepoy renewed his demand for the child. The mother fell on her knees before him, and piteously and pathetically besought him to spare the babe—pointing to the one he had murdered. Halu drew the back of his knife across his own throat, then pointed to her, to intimate that resistance would only precipitate her own doom.

"She sprang up, seized a knife which lay near her, and flew to a corner of the room, clasping her baby to her arms. The two ruffians were upon her in an instant. The foremost received a wound in the arm from the desperate mother; but, stunning her easily, he succeeded in wrenching her child from her grasp and threw it into the grate. Then lighting a fire with paper and pieces of furniture, and any thing that was combustible, he absolutely burned the infant to death before the mother's eyes.

"Would that she had died with her children! But no such mercy was in store for the beautiful Englishwoman.

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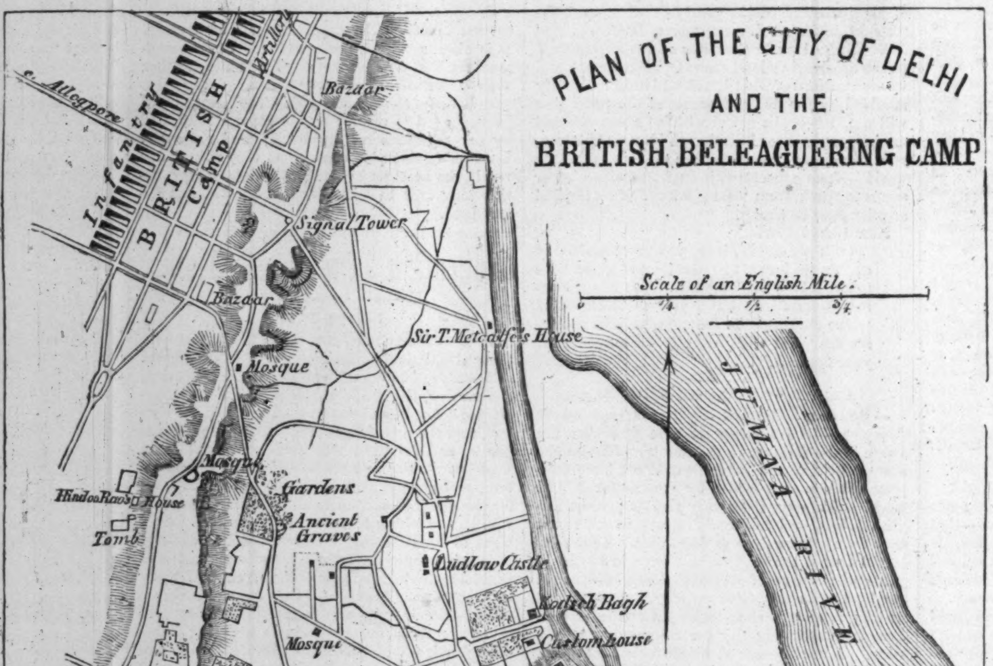
"It was on the third night after this that Mrs. F., whose reason was on the point of leaving her,

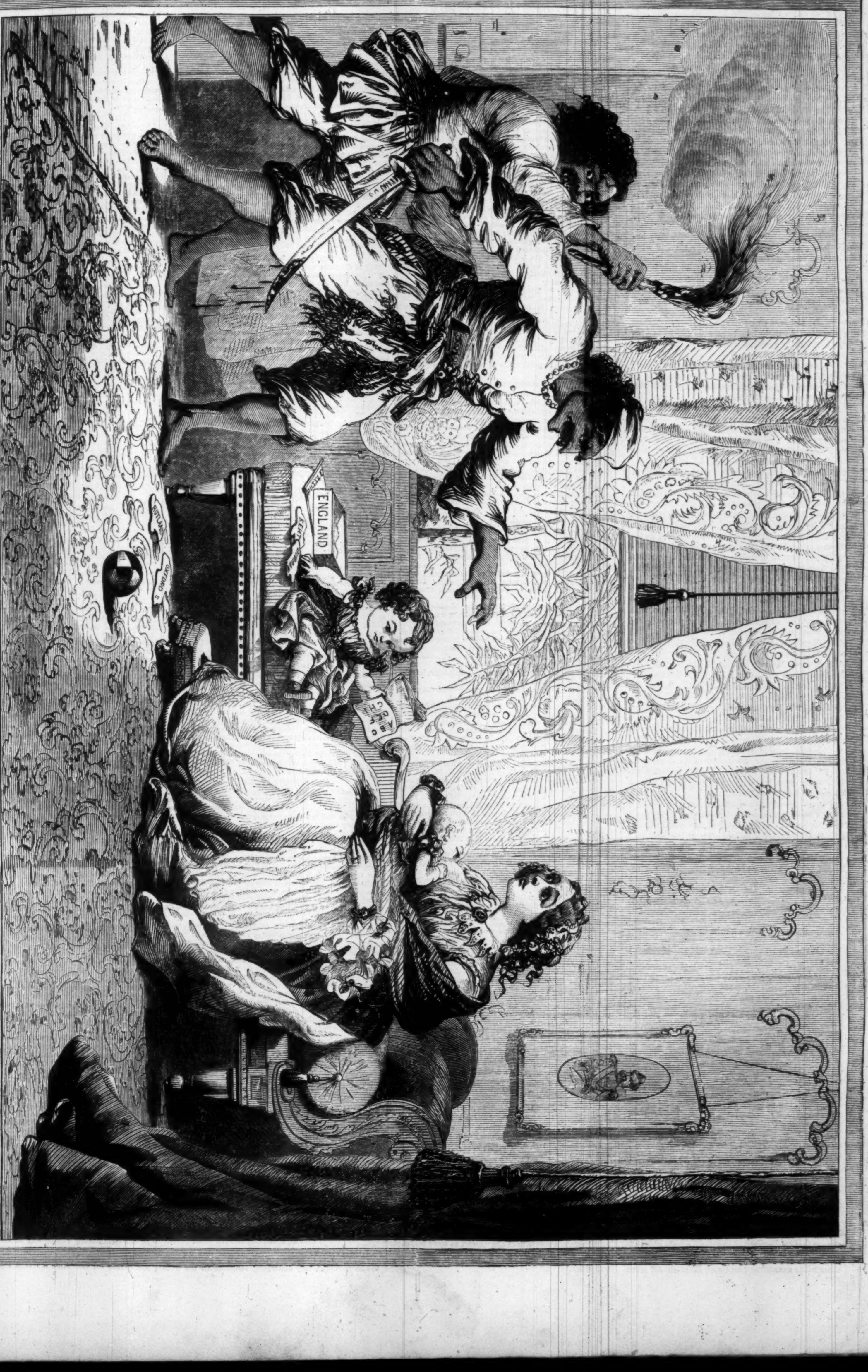


was discovered by her husband in the hut of a benevolent peasant who had given her shelter at the hazard of his life. The lieutenant had been severely wounded, and could scarcely drag himself along. His companions—two brother officers—were likewise wounded, though not so severely as Mrs. F.'s husband. They held a council, and decided that, at all risks, they must instantly seek refuge elsewhere. The mutiny at the station had been perfectly successful; they believed themselves the sole survivors of the officers, and they knew that the fiends who had perpetrated unspeakable outrages on every European were on their track.

"The last that is known of them is, that they started at midnight, with a Hindoo guide, to walk through the jungle and wood, to a station eighty miles distant, and that before morning Mrs. F. was raving mad, and had to be dragged along. She shrieked that her children were calling her and she must go to them.

"There is every reason to believe that they all perished in the woods. Perhaps they were discovered and massacred; but with such subjects, heat and fatigue would soon cause death, and the Sepoys need not be accused of the last act of the mournful tragedy."

This is an instance of the wrongs the English have to avenge in India, and the capture of Delhi, with its terrible tale of slaughter, rapine, and destruction, is only the beginning of their vengeance. And we can not blame them. Women and children may pule about humanity, but men know that nations, like school-boys, require to be taught wisdom by experience, and that in such a case relentless rigor is the humanest policy in the end.



ENGLISH HOMES IN INDIA, 1857

LITERARY.

THE CONVERT; or, Leaves from my Experience, *by O. A. Brownson*. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother (James B. Kirker).

This is an amusing, and, on the whole, a successful book in its way. The design of it seems to be to satirize the weakness of some men's intellects in religious matters, and the readiness with which they adopt every new notion in religious politics which presents itself. Thus the hero of the story describes himself as a New England boy who had rather a strong tendency to religious investigations, which he illustrates by the fact that, on a general training day, he was once so much interested in a religious discussion which he overheard that he almost forgot to eat his card of gingerbread.

The boy, thus piously inclined, had a conversation with an old lady, who advised him, when he should connect himself with any Church, to select one "that began with Christ and his Apostles, and has continued to subsist the same without change of doctrine or worship down to our own times." This advice, the author informs us, produced a deep impression on his mind, and he very dryly adds (with an amusing oblivion of the countless newly-invented dogmas and decrees of councils of the Roman Church, even to the last doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which has been grafted on that stock), that it was an argument which none save a Catholic can consistently urge!

Starting, however, with this idea, the hero becomes a Presbyterian, and connects himself with the Presbyterian Church. This he doesn't believe in after the Sunday on which he joined that body, and becomes in short order a Universalist. At twenty-two he is a Universalist minister, but finds it, to use his own words, "unsatisfactory," and turns "world reformer," lending his valuable aid to Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright. "Poor Fanny," as he calls her, suffers at his hands, as she must have suffered from his aid during her melancholy life.

He soon runs his new creed into the ground, and then takes to preaching on his own account as an Independent preacher, "though of what particular Gospel it would be difficult to say." He had, indeed, always had a leaning toward Unitarianism, and Dr. Channing's writings had drawn his attention to their liberality, "eschewing all creeds and confessions." The convert this time is converted to Unitarianism, and stumbles about for some time, in "wandering mazes lost," not precisely understanding his new creed, and not, in point of fact, caring much what he does believe.

The keenest satire of the volume is that which follows the stage of life into which the convert has now led himself. He describes the darkness in which he gropes, and how, finally, he finds light, and what he has all along been looking for, in the Roman Church, and becomes a good Catholic.

The description of the manner in which he stumbles into the embraces of Bishop Fitzpatrick is, perhaps, the best part of the book.

The hero becomes a Boston editor, and writes essays on "The Mission of Jesus:" The first and second essays please the Unitarians, and the third elicits the approbation of a Puritan journal; the fourth excites Dr. Seabury and the New York *Churchman* to a pitch of delight rarely exhibited by that staid journal; and the fifth, sixth, and seventh are reproduced, with applause, by the *Freeman's Journal*, and other Roman Catholic sheets. The eighth, which is an attempt to answer the question, "What is the True Church?" is positively rejected by the publisher of the newspaper, who, as might be supposed, is already two-thirds ruined by his erratic editor, and the editor is rather glad of it, for it gives him a chance to stop and ask himself, with a certain well-known personage in the play, "What the devil are we coming to, Sir?" And he discovers that he is, in fact, coming to the open arms of the Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church of Boston.

The moral of the story is, that a man who starts with a weak brain and a tendency to isms, must look for himself, or he will be pretty certain to fall into some grand sink-hole of error at the last.

It is barely possible that we have mistaken the idea of this book, and that Mr. Brownson means it as a serious history of his own life. If this is so, it is altogether the most amusing personal history we have met with, and we don't see but that our remarks apply as well in this view. Unintentional satires are often most severe and telling.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE ON THE CURRENCY.

THE Washington correspondent of Forney's *Press*—very good authority—says that it is rumored that Mr. Buchanan, in his first annual Message to Congress, will take bold ground on the currency question; that he will reaffirm the principles laid down so clearly in his celebrated speech on the Independent Treasury Bill. He believes that it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution to establish a hard-money currency, and that the action of Congress since has been a steady departure from that intention. It will be his object, then, to retrace the false steps taken, and to bring the Government back to the true ground.

The issue will be made in the next Congress whether State banks have the constitutional power to issue circulating "promises to pay." There will be a large party to take the negative of the argument, who will not, it is said, yield until a decision has been given on the question by the Supreme Court of the United States. A general bankrupt law for the banks will be presented for action. This will provide a fixed legal course for putting into liquidation insolvent banks all over the Union.

OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES IN UTAH.

The war in Utah has actually begun. On 13th dispatches were received by the State Department from Chief Justice Echols, of Utah, dated at "Camp on Sweet Water, twenty-one miles east of South Pass, October 13, 1857." Judge Echols says:

"An express has just arrived from Green River, and reports that on the night of October 5 a train of twenty-six wagons was captured by the Mormons, twenty-five miles from the Pacific Spring. At the same time two other trains were taken near Green River—in all, seventy-eight wagons and loading. The Mormons said they had seven hundred men there, and fifteen hundred more at Salt Lake City. Colonel Alexander is encamped on Ham's Fort, thirty miles in advance of the front train which is destroyed. He sent Captain Marcy with four hundred men back to Green River, to enable the teamsters to collect their cattle.

"The Mormons killed no one, for the reason that no resistance was made.

"Colonel Smith will collect the trains on this side and escort them forward. One train is now before us and two behind. We are in good spirits, and that is a great help to all. The Mormons will likely attack us in a day or two, and may rue their impudence. We have forty-seven men in this command, but Colonel Smith is a host within himself. We have determined, if attacked, to use the rifle in the lines. We shall most likely take the route on Bear River for Salt Lake City. The want of forage for our mules is the greatest hinderance, but we will go on, if we have to walk and carry our provisions."

On the following day this intelligence was confirmed. Colonel Johnson is said to be determined to enter the Valley at any cost.

THE KANSAS CONSTITUTION.

The Kansas Constitutional Convention adjourned on the 9th instant, having formed a provisional government, with General Calhoun as Governor. As to the Constitution, the Convention passed a separate clause sanctioning Slavery, which is the only section that will be submitted to the people. It is thought to be the design to get the Constitution accepted by Congress prior to the assembling of the Territorial Legislature.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE INDIANS.

Commissioner Denver has replied to Brigham Young, on the Indian subject, administering him a sharp rebuke for the improper manner of his administration of the Indian Superintendency in Utah. He tells Brigham Young that he has exceeded the appropriations for him by more than $31,000, and that he has no reason to complain of his drafts not being paid. General Denver adds: "So far from encouraging amicable relations you have studiously endeavored to impress upon the minds of the Indians that the Mormons are their friends, and the Government and people of the States are their enemies." The rule is to withhold annuities from hostile Indians, and General Denver knows no reason why it should not now be applied to Young.

In reply to Young's objection to the presence of troops, General Denver says, if it is his (Brigham's) intention to preserve the peace the troops will not interfere with him. He concludes by saying that the Executive has no alternative but to crush out rebellion, and that for that purpose all the powers of the Government are placed under his control. He then tells Brigham Young that his claim for double salary is against law; but that if it shall be ascertained that his expenditures were properly made he will be paid, should Congress make an appropriation for that purpose.

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL WALKER FOR NICARAGUA.

General Walker, the renowned filibuster, left New Orleans on Wednesday in the Mobile packet. At the Balize, or somewhere in the neighborhood, he was transferred to the steamer *Fashion*, and is now on the way to the field of his former exploits. He is accompanied by about four hundred men, and has provisions for three or four months and abundance of war *materiel*. The steamer *Fashion* was formerly a government vessel and employed as a transport. She was recently advertised for sale by the United States Marshal at New Orleans. He had been arrested and gave bail on the day of his departure. It is understood that the Government has ordered the revenue cutters to give chase to the *Fashion*. Walker's destination is supposed to be Blewfields.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Mason has sent to the President his resignation as Minister to France, to take effect from the first of January next; but he will be requested to remain in service until the arrival of Mr. Slidell, his successor, who will go out early in the spring.

The President received notice of the resignation of Governor Izzard, of Nebraska, several days ago. He will leave this, with other vacancies, open until Congress meets.

Auguste Belmont, late United States Minister at the Hague, is to be sent as United States Minister to Madrid. His appointment was among the first determined upon by Mr. Buchanan, and will be consummated in due time. Mr. Buchanan still cherishes the hope of acquiring Cuba by purchase, and has said on several occasions that he must have the European Missions filled with the right material for the promotion of this object.

General Herran, the New Grenadian minister, has returned to Washington to reside.

William H. Taylor has been promoted chief examiner in the Patent Office, vice Herbert, resigned.

Among the candidates for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives are mentioned Col. Orr, Hon. John S. Phelps, J. Glancy Jones, Andrew H. Stephens, and George W. Jones. Col. Orr is the favorite.

The Clerkship seems to lie between James C. Allen of Illinois, John L. Robinson of Indiana, and A. D. Banks of Virginia.

The London *News* says: "The Hon. Charles Sumner has been visiting the Earl of Aberdeen at Haddo, the Duke of Argyll at Inverary Castle, and Lord Brougham at Brougham Hall. He has also paid a visit to Miss Martineau at Ambleside. On Tuesday he visited William E. Forster, Esq., Wharfeside, and on Wednesday he passed through Leeds on his way to Castle Howard, to visit the Earl of Carlisle, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland."

Rev. Dr. Vermilye, of New York, has accepted the office of Professor of Theology in East Windsor Institute, of Connecticut.

"Nothing to Wear" has been published in the newspapers of the Sandwich Islands, and in the London *Athenæum*. It is also quoted in full in the leading article (upon "Female Dress in 1857") of the last number of the *Westminster Review*.

The President, the members of the Cabinet, the foreign Ministers and other dignitaries, and all the fashion of the city, attended Juliana May's concert at Carusi's Saloon on 12th inst. It was a decided triumph for the young and gifted artist. Hundreds were unable to gain admittance.

The London *Athenæum* thus notices the story about Rossini's new opera—"The matter stands thus: '*Il Curioso Accidente*'—the title of the expected opera—is a popular Italian comedy, written by Goldoni, (?) which has become the common property for composers, as '*Il Barbiere*' or '*Zaire*' or '*Romeo 'e Giulietta*' have done before it. That some of Signor Rossini's earlier music is as good as it is unknown we had proof the other day, on being introduced to an elaborate scene for a bass voice, dated 1813, and which is the more noticeable because, in its symphonies, the well-known phrase common to a *sonata* by Clementi and Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture is used. Thirdly, as Signor Rossini is now in Paris, and has been avowedly writing again, there seems a possibility of his having rearranged some early work by way of toy for himself or treat for a friend."

The Queen has formally approved of Mr. Wyman B. S. Moor to be Consul-General in the British North American provinces for the United States.

A SAD STORY.

A Western paper relates the following incident, which occurred at Xenia on the 4th inst.: "Among the passengers in the train from Cleveland was a young man of perhaps twenty, and a lady some few years his senior. The gentleman was plainly clad, but the girl was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and *rouged* beyond even brazen wantonness. It was frequently observed by the passengers that the young man appeared to be earnestly remonstrating with the girl, and seemed to be deeply affected. At Xenia both left the cars, and it was apparent that the course of each lay in different directions—the man to this city, and the girl to the West. As the cars were about starting the young man kissed her a hasty good-by, and both burst into tears. The conductor, seeing that there was some deep grief at heart, invited the gentleman to a seat in the baggage-car, as more secluded from the gaze of the crowd. 'Any where,' said he, 'only come with me. I *must* speak to some one, or my heart will break.'

"After becoming a little calmed, he said: 'That lady and myself were raised together; with moss for carpets, acorns for cups and saucers, and pebbles for walks, we played in childhood. She was a few years older than myself, but we were inseparable. She grew up to womanhood, was married, then separated from her husband and sought the city, and became a wanton—a heartless, disgraced courtesan. Steeped in sin as she is, shameless as she may be, I could not but kiss her good-by, for she is *my sister!* She has already hurried a loving mother to the grave, and brought disgrace upon her brothers and sisters. But while she acknowledges it all, and sheds tears of apparent contrition and regret, no remonstrances can change her course. She has just been home to make us a visit, but has left again for her residence in the city, to drown in the wanton's life the remembrance of what she was and what she might have been. Do you blame me, then,' turning to the sympathizing conductor, 'for weeping as I do over one so loved and fallen?'"

DYING ALONE.

On Friday morning, after the arrival of the *Montreal* from Boston, an old man was found upon the Steamboat Wharf at Portland, Maine, in a feeble and dying condition and was taken in a hack and removed to the Watch-House. The officers of the police, seeing his pitiable state, had him immediately sent to the City Poor-House, where he died at four o'clock the same day. He was able to give his name as William Sutherland, and his age as seventy-five years. He said he was born in Ireland in 1782, and came to this country in 1806. He married an American woman in the eastern part of this State, whose name was Mary Ann Coburn. He subsequently lived in this city, where his wife died thirty-four years ago, and where her remains are interred with three of their children. He professed to have fought on board the United States brig *Enterprise* in her memorable action with the British brig *Boxer*, and exhibited upon his leg the scar of a wound which he received in the engagement. His services had been acknowledged by the Government, and a land warrant issued for his benefit. His disease was consumption, and, being aware of his approaching death, he said he had come here to breathe his last, and be buried near his wife and children.

A CALICO BALL AGAIN.

One of the most *recherché* parties of the season "came off" the other evening at the residence of a retired merchant in S—— Street, Boston, which was eminently in keeping with the times. A *sine qua non* to the invited was for the ladies to appear draped in calico, and the gentlemen in their summer coats, and most faithfully did each sex carry out their portion of the programme; and a more tastefully arrayed party of fair demoiselles rarely meets the eye than was here congregated. Upon their heads were rosettes and pendants of the varied-hued products of Lowell, Manchester, and Providence. At early evening dancing was commenced, beneath the light of one burner in each chandelier, to the music of the piano, at which the ladies alternated, and was kept up with unabated vigor, relieved by occasional charade performances, till supper time; and here the genius of the host, in conforming to the times, added mirth to the already happy party. The spacious dining-room was thrown open, and displayed a table, set forth, not with costly plate, but the fruits of the harvest, instead. In the centre, upon an inverted tin pail, nicely draped, stood a golden pumpkin, from whose eyes and nose and mouth beamed forth a mellow light, relieved by the "dips" which adorned the corners, well secured in goodly turnips. Yellow dishes of 'lasses gingerbread yielded their toothsome stores, and Cochituate ale, dispensed from stone pitchers of the true grandma pattern, in mugs of delf ware, enhanced the relish for renewed Terpsichorean agility.

A FEARFUL JUDGMENT.

A Pennsylvania paper tells the following story: "For some days past there has been a singular story afloat in this community. Whether true or not, we are not prepared to say; but the information comes from such a reliable source that we are free to say there must be something in it. It appears that one day last week a man in the neighborhood of Mount Union, Huntingdon County, while cleaning grain, suddenly discovered that the weevil had destroyed the greater part of it. This so exasperated him that he blasphemed the Saviour in such a willful, wicked, and malicious manner that it will not bear putting in print. He left the barn and seated himself in a chair, where he had remained but a few minutes before he turned to his wife, and asked her what she said. She replied that she had not spoken. '*I thought*,' said he, '*that I heard somebody say that I must sit here till the judgment-day.*' It is now alleged that he is *still sitting in the chair*, unable to rise or speak, with his eyes rolling, and totally incapable of moving his body. His family, it is said, has left the house, where he still remained seated in the chair on Saturday last!"

A PRIEST ON A BENDER.

A priest of the immaculate church, visiting Portland, Maine, from Quebec, and stopping at the Elm House, having on Saturday "put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains," became uproarious, profane, and dangerous; and having broken the furniture of his room, set the bed-clothes on fire, and knocked down the waiters, was delivered to the custody of the police for safe keeping. He spent the Sabbath in penitent reveries within the walls of the jail.

AN IRISH FROLIC.

On Monday week, as the passenger train was leaving Wapsie station for the East, on the Chicago, Iowa, and Nebraska Railroad, between twenty and thirty Irish laborers, who had been discharged, boarded the cars, and swore they would ride to Clinton free of charge. Conductor Smith remonstrated, and the Irish persisted. At length he attempted to force them from the cars. The conductor and three assistants succeeded, after many bruises and hard knocks, in ejecting a portion of the rioters, and then gave the signal for the train to proceed. The row continued for nearly a mile, when the train again stopped, and the fight became severe and general. Pistols, knives, and clubs were drawn and used indiscriminately, and one man was severely stabbed. At length twelve of the rioters were secured and lodged in jail.

A SHORT SHRIFT.

About four o'clock last Saturday afternoon three young men from Boston, named John Madden, Richard Ferguson, and —— Brown, called at A. B. Wales's hotel in Weymouth. The young man in attendance went out with Madden to get some oats for their horses, and Brown stood in the door while Ferguson jumped over the counter and stole from the bar five dollars in bills and some change. Mr. Wales, who was in the cellar directly under the bar-room, heard the movement above, and on coming up he missed the money. Ferguson, on being charged with the theft, took to his heels and hid among the lumber on the wharf. He was captured and taken before Justice Hall, who sentenced him to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction, and he was conveyed to Dedham jail the same evening.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

THE news of the fall of Delhi having preceded by a couple of days that of the Bank suspension here, people in England were prepared to meet the latter in a bold and cheerful spirit. The general idea of the press was that it was the best thing that could have been done, and that it implied some comfort to Great Britain, inasmuch as it was likely to stop the specie drain from thence to this country. No important failures have taken place; and the funds, which fell an eighth on the announcement of our suspension, subsequently rallied two per cent.

PROBABLE POSTPONEMENT OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MARRIAGE.

A Berlin correspondent writes:

"The form of settlement of the crisis at Potsdam will not be without a very disturbing influence on the wedding arrangements of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William. As the Prince of Prussia will, in consequence of his holding this power of attorney, be prevented from coming over to England to be present at his son's nuptials, it is more than possible that the marriage itself will be postponed for a short time. Such a postponement would, in many respects, be desirable, inasmuch as, among other reasons, if the ceremony takes place later in the year there will be a better chance of its being favored with fine weather, which, as far as the Berlin portion of the ceremonies is concerned, is a consideration of very great importance, inasmuch as the entry into Berlin of the bridal couple entails upon a large number of old civic notabilities the necessity of confronting the severities of the open air in those curtailed unmentionables that seem every where to form an essential of court costume. Quantities of young girls, too, will go out of the city gates to receive the bride, themselves dressed in bridal attire; and it would be a grievous pity if rain or other inclemency of the weather should mar the effect of white satin shoes and low dresses, and consign their wearers to a bed of sickness or an untimely grave. It is also very desirable for the position that the youthful couple shall subsequently occupy in the hearts of their future subjects that all Prussia should be able to look back to that day of their entry into Berlin as a day of sunshine."

THE NICK OF TIME.

The Manchester *Guardian* says: "As the late Earl Fitzhardinge's rent-roll is supposed to have been about £40,000 a year, a nice point, it is remarked, may arise on the question of the precise hour of his death, which is announced as having taken place "about midnight" between the 10th and 11th instant. His rents were payable at 'old time,' that is, Old Lady-day and Old Michaelmas-day. Old Michaelmas-day fell this year on Sunday, the 11th instant, and the day begins at midnight. Now the rent is due upon the first moment of the day it becomes due, so that at one second beyond twelve o'clock of the 10th instant, rent payable at Old Michaelmas-day is in law due. If the Earl died before twelve the rents belong to the parties taking the estate, but if after twelve, then they belong to and form part of his personal estate; so that the difference of one minute might involve a question as to the title of about £20,000; a nice question for lawyers."

NENA SAHIB ON THE STAGE.

An English provincial manager, taking time by the forelock, lately announced a very grand spectacle, under the title of "Nena Sahib, or the Monster of the East." As may well be imagined, the result was anticipated: the appearance of this personage on the stage was hailed by a volley of imprecations from every part of the theatre. Fists and sticks were shaken at him, and insults and abuse of every description heaped upon his head. The storm increased in violence when Nena Sahib, taking his seat on his golden throne, gives the signal for the massacre of the Europeans, and it was for some time apprehended that the public might rush on the stage and treat the actor as they would no doubt serve his prototype were he to fall in their hands. Toward the end of the piece, however, things are made pleasant. The insurrection has been suppressed. Nena is brought upon the stage in an iron cage, where he was groaned at and pelted with every missile the audience could lay their hands on, while three cheers for Havelock bring the performance to a triumphant close. To conclude this account the paper states that the stage-manager flung back into the pit the case of an opera-glass, intended for the Nena, which would have knocked him down, and that the actor who performed that obnoxious character had to be sent home in a cab under the protection of the police!

NENA SAHIB AN IRISHMAN.

An Irish journal mentions a report now gaining ground, that the celebrated Nena Sahib is a relative of the equally notorious Mr. Regan, who, with fifty Tipperary men, swore allegiance to the Sepoy, and sympathy with his atrocities. It is reported that the ancestor of Nena Sahib emigrated at some remote period from the town that now contains his sympathizers, and was known in India as "the Nenagh Sahib," or "Tipperary gentleman." We congratulate Colonel Haskett and his supporters on this addition to the ranks of illustrious Irishmen.

ESCAPE OF A TIGER.

A few days since a cattle-van conveyed to its destination from the London docks a remarkably fine specimen of the Bengal tiger, recently imported by Mr. Jamrach. A number of laborers began to unload the vehicle, and had just lowered a large iron-bound cage to the pavement, when the occupant (a fine full-sized tiger) became restless, and forced out one end of the cage. The spectators rushed in every direction from the spot in a state of extreme terror. The tiger appeared to be in a state of madness, and ran along the pavement in the direction of Ratcliff-highway, where it seized a little boy, named Wade, by the upper part of the arm. The enraged animal was followed by Mr. Jamrach and his men; the former obtained possession of a crow-bar, and struck the tiger upon the head and nose, which caused it to relinquish its hold. In the mean while ropes were procured, and the savage beast was secured and dragged into the premises, where it was firmly fastened up by the keepers. The poor boy was raised up in a state of great suffering, with two severe lacerated wounds on the arm and right side of the face, and it was quite a miracle he was not torn to pieces. The teeth of the animal passed completely through the right arm. A cab was procured, in which the wounded boy was conveyed to the London Hospital, where Mr. Forbes, the house surgeon, rendered every assistance. At the time of the escape of the animal the trades-people in the neighborhood closed their shops, and remained in a state of fear and anxiety for nearly an hour afterward.

FRANCE.

COURT AMUSEMENTS.

The Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial enjoy excellent health at Compiègne. A grand boar-hunt took place on the 27th ult., and the animal was killed after a long chase, their majesties both taking part in the sport. The company of the Theatre Français performed on the following evening at the palace, the first piece being the *Avare*.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

The measures adopted by the Bank of France for arresting the exportation of gold have produced a certain effect on commercial affairs, which is felt the more as they are adopted at a moment so near the winter season. Nevertheless, the rate of discount at 7½ per cent., but which, with the Bank commission, is really 9 or 10, is not so severely felt as short dates of commercial bills last year. Payments which were already difficult are become still more so, and the necessity of restricting credit and of ready-money bargains has retarded orders and diminished their importance. The state of trade, on the whole, is not, however, bad; the manufactories are not encumbered with goods. The manufacturers have acted for a considerable time with much prudence, and the shops are, in general, but moderately supplied, so that there is no need of apprehension on this score as to the future. The markets of Paris, Lyons, and St. Etienne can now form a proximate estimate of the extent of their losses in consequence of the commercial crisis in the United States, but some think that these losses will not be definitive, and that many of the American houses will after some time resume their payments. The business done in fancy articles (*nouveautés*) in Paris during the past week is generally favorable; the same can not be said of the provinces. The fall in silk fabrics of newest fashion, and in all goods of a similar kind intended for the American market, and which have remained unsold, is important, but insignificant in other tissues. Swiss fabrics have suffered more than the Lyonnese, and several failures are reported to have taken place at Zurich, and in the other Swiss towns where there are silk manufactories. For the last fortnight a fall has been observable on various sorts of products, particularly on oils, sugars, and raw cotton.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

A petition to the Emperor is now in course of signature by the commercial community of Havre, praying his Majesty to issue an order prohibiting the Bank of France, for a determinate period, from making cash payments, and giving for that time a forced legal currency to its

notes. The Government papers are instructed to deny positively that there is any foundation for the report that the Government entertains the idea of agreeing to this proposition. The *Patrie* says, "There is nothing in the actual situation to necessitate any such measure."

ARCHIEPISCOPAL SHIRTS.

"The Archbishop of Paris," says the *Gazette de France*, "is remarkable for his charity; but, although he can always find money when the necessities of the poor are in question, yet, when his valet represents to him that parts of his wardrobe require replenishing, he makes an excuse that the poor require his assistance, and that it will be better to wait until bread becomes cheaper. A few days since the valet, despairing of ever persuading his master that some new shirts were absolutely necessary for him, adopted an ingenious scheme to effect the purpose. He informed the archbishop that a poor gentleman was in such distress that he could not purchase linen to make the respectable appearance he was required to do, and the archbishop immediately gave him money for that purpose. On dressing, some days after, the archbishop said that the shirt given him by his valet was a new one, and he asked where it had come from. The servant replied that it had been purchased with the money the archbishop had given him, for that the poor gentleman of whom he had spoken was his eminence himself."

A REMARKABLE POLITICAL TRIAL.

A political trial of unusual interest has just terminated in one of the departments of France. The Count Migeon was the deputy of the Government in the last Legislature from that department. At the election in June last for the new Legislature the Government refused to acknowledge M. Migeon as its candidate, and proposed a M. Nisolle to replace him. M. Migeon ran against the Government candidate, and defeated him by a handsome majority. The Government, determined not to allow the Count to take his seat, brought suit against him for various offenses before the Correctional Court of Colmar. He was charged with corrupting voters on a grand scale, with fraudulent bankruptcy, with usurping the titles of Count and of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and other offenses amenable to the law. M. Jules Favre, the distinguished republican lawyer of Paris, defended M. Migeon. The trial occupied several days, and produced immense excitement in the region of country where it took place. Lawyers and judges from all the neighboring towns forsook their business to attend it. The trial was full of surprises and of angry scenes, from beginning to end. When M. Favre brought forward a large number of witnesses to prove that it was the Government that had exercised pressure on the voters, that the Government had in fact practiced corruption by the exercise of force and menace, the Government Attorney declared that M. Favre was attacking the Government, that the Government could not be attacked, and that at any rate the Government was not on trial, and claimed that all evidence tending to show what had been the conduct of the Government agents should be rejected. The Court decided against this demand, and M. Favre went on to show by mayors (some of whom had been discharged for favoring M. Migeon), magistrates, and others, that the Government had in fact attempted a system of force and of menaces worthy of the most complete despotism. To save his case, the Government Attorney brought in a series of charges in his speech to the Court, in the shape of letters from the Prefect of Police of Paris, and from other persons of high standing, of the most outrageous character, and the reading of which produced scenes of great dramatic effect. The Court, in fact, after M. Favre declared that he intended to pursue the Prefect of Police and others for defamation of character, broke up in great confusion. The decision was reserved.

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE'S HUSBAND.

A Paris letter says: "Among the Russians now sojourning in Paris is the wealthy Prince Demidoff, who has taken up his abode *incog.* in the Rue Castiglione. The prince is the husband of the Emperor's cousin, the fat, good-natured Princess Mathilde, who is so much admired by our countrymen who go to balls at the Tuileries and elsewhere; but after she had married a Russian, he found that he had 'caught a Tartar,' and they separated from incompatibility of temper—the princess's temper not permitting her to submit to the brutalities of her Muscovite lord."

A WARNING TO PIPE-SMOKERS.

An American gentleman living in Paris came near losing his life lately by a method that ought to be made public. His health had been declining for several months, commencing with his arrival in Paris, without his having been able to discover the cause. At last the physicians thought that they perceived in his condition symptoms of poisoning by arsenic. An investigation in this sense was made, and it was found in effect that his declining health was due to arsenic. The gentleman was in the habit of consuming largely the cheap white clay pipes, not as a matter of economy, but by fantasy. These pipes in Paris are rendered white and smooth by arsenic; and as arsenic is a very volatile substance under the influence of heat, the poor, who use these pipes mostly, do not perceptibly suffer, since a day's use drives off all the arsenic, and they are not frequently renewed. But our friend renewed his pipes every day, and about the time he had absorbed all the poisonous material of one pipe he took up another to repeat the same operation, and thus he had literally filled his system with the poison.

DEATH OF CAVAIGNAC.

The *Arabia* brings us intelligence of the sudden death of General Eugene Cavaignac, from aneurism of the heart while out shooting. He was born in Paris, December 15, 1802, and must, from education and association, have imbibed Republican principles at an early age, his father being the old conventionalist of the same name, and his elder brother, Godefroy Cavaignac, having suffered prosecution and imprisonment for too free an expression of Republican sentiments. Eugene, after a regular course of study at the Ecole Politechnique, entered the army, and in 1830 was sent to Africa for refusing to fire upon the inhabitants of Metz, in case of an insurrection. He distinguished himself so greatly that in February, 1848, he was appointed by the provisional government General of division and Governor-General of Algeria. Having been elected a member of the National Assembly, he left Algiers and arrived in Paris just after the disturbances of the 15th May. He was immediately appointed Minister of War. On the 22d of June the Communists, and supporters of the *ateliers nationaux*, began to throw up barricades, and in twenty-four hours one of the most formidable insurrections ever organized in Paris was in full progress. In this emergency, Cavaignac, who had been appointed Dictator, acted with singular coolness and sagacity. Instead of spreading his troops over the city to prevent the erection of barricades, as advised by the Executive Committee, he concentrated them at points where the insurgents were strongest, and bringing them into action in large masses was enabled to overwhelm all opposition. The contest lasted four days, with immense destruction to life and property, and resulted in the total defeat of the rebels. Cavaignac, true to his Republican principles, immediately resigned his dictatorship; but his services being deemed too valuable to be lost to the country, he was appointed president of the council, with power to nominate his ministry. He chose it from among the more reasonable and moderate of the pure Republicans, afterward admitting several members of the old dynastic opposition. He resolutely removed from office the Socialists, the "Montague," and the Red Republicans of every shade or sect. On the 10th of December the election for President of the Republic took place, and Cavaignac, the candidate of the Republicans, received 1,448,302 votes, to 5,534,520 cast for Louis Napoleon, and 443,430 for all others. He retired into private life without a murmur, after an administration reflecting great credit upon his integrity and civil and military ability. For several years afterward he was deemed, on account of his stanch republicanism, so formidable an opponent to the autocratic schemes of Louis Napoleon, that after the *coup d'etat* of December, 1851, he was one of the number selected for arrest. After an imprisonment in the fortress of Ham, he was released on condition of leaving the country, and spent several years in Brussels. Within a year or two he has been allowed to return to France. At the last election for members of the legislature, Cavaignac was one of the few successful Republican candidates, having been chosen to represent one of the constituencies of Paris, and his friends were looking forward with considerable expectation to his legislative efforts in their behalf.

ARTESIAN WELLS IN ALGERIA.

The *Moniteur Algérien* brings an interesting report on the newly-bored Artesian wells in the Sahara Desert, in the province of Constantine. The first well was begun in May, 1856, and, on the 19th of June, a quantity of water of 4010 litres per minute, and of a temperature of 21° Réaumur, rushed forth from the bowels of the earth. The joy of the natives was unbounded; the news of the event spread toward the South with unexampled rapidity. People came from long distances, in order to see the miracle; the Marabouts, with great solemnity, consecrated the newly-created well, and gave it the name of "The Well of Peace." The Marabouts, after having thanked the soldiers in the presence of the whole population, gave them a banquet, and escorted them in solemn procession to the frontier of the Oasis. In another Oasis, that of Sidi-Nached, which had been completely ruined by the drought, the digging of the "Well of Gratitude" was accompanied by touching scenes. As soon as the rejoicing outcries of the soldiers had announced the rushing forth of the water, the natives drew near in crowds, plunged themselves into the blessed waves, and the mothers bathed their children therein. The old Emir could not master his feelings; tears in his eyes, he fell down upon his knees, and lifted his trembling hands, in order to thank God and the French. There is no doubt but that these wells will work in these parts a great social revolution. The tribes which, after the primeval custom of their ancestors, kept wandering from one place to another, will gather round these fertilizing springs, will exchange the herdsman's staff for the plow of the farmer, and thus take the first steps toward a civilization, which, no doubt, will make rapid progress in Northern Africa.

A HUMAN HAIR MARKET.

Very few of our gentle readers, probably, ever heard of or imagined such a thing as a Human Hair Fair. We are reminded, however, by a late French paper, that this is the season of the annual hair fair at Morlais, in the Lower Pyrenees, in France. The hair-dealers were crowding into the place from all points, from Toulouse, and even Bordeaux; and the young peasant girls of the neighborhood, famous for their fine and abundant heads of hair, were flocking to the market like sheep, to be shorn of their locks for the adornment of other and prouder heads. Even young husbands accompany their wives, to insist upon their despoiling themselves, for a trifling consideration, of their beautiful heads of hair. Twenty francs is the highest price which is given for the richest head of hair, and a majority of the damsels part with their locks for a tenth part of that sum.

This singular market is held in the open street, and attracts crowds of curious as well as interested persons. Girls are seen to be sheared in public, while others are waiting their turn, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. The shearers are men as well as women. Some of our fair readers will conclude that this must be a degrading scene. But how else could the stock of wigs, and frizettes, and bands, and top pieces, and curls which is needed to prop up the tottering beauty of the sex, be supplied? Tons of black silken hair, sheared in the manner above described, from the heads of the peasant damsels of the south of France, are imported into this country annually.

CONFESSION OF A BISHOP.

The following mysterious statement is contained in a Paris letter in the *Independance* of Brussels: "A solemn visitation held recently in one of the towns of the archiepiscopal province of Bordeaux by the new Archbishop of Aix, Mgr. Chalandon, was marked with an incident of painful interest. The bishop of a diocese whom I will not name, but who is noted for his violent ultra-montanism, placed himself on his throne in presence of all his clergy, about two hundred in number, and humbly confessed that he had committed a number of culpable acts charged against him. The gravest of these acts was the misappropriation of the funds of the diocese, which were destined for the relief of aged and infirm priests, and the prelate avowed that being in want of a large sum to construct an establishment for the Marist Fathers, he had appropriated those funds for the purpose. He then proceeded to state that for some time he had been an object of hatred to his clergy, and that this hatred had been carried so far that he had received an anonymous letter, in which he was threatened with death by a dagger. He concluded by declaring that with respect to the unfortunate money question, he was ready to give all the explanations that his clergy could require. You may judge of the effect which this revelation created. It is positive that the prelate had been pointed out to the Minister of Justice and Public Worship as guilty of embezzlement."

PRUSSIA.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REGENCY.

A Berlin letter says: "The improvement in the King's condition was so decided from Tuesday to Thursday, last week, that the physicians informed the Queen there could be no objection to introduce the subject of abstention from all kinds of business and the delegation of full powers for a limited period to his Majesty. This was done by the Queen and medical men on Thursday afternoon, and was received not only without hesitation or objection, but with an expression of a desire that the requisite document should be made out and submitted to him next morning. This was done and approved of with the correction of adding the words—'Providing my health should not be sooner re-established.' The Prince of Prussia and his son Prince Frederick William, and M. de Manteuffel, were, therefore, summoned to the Royal presence on Friday forenoon, when the King, seated at his writing-table, and having embraced his brother and nephew, and cordially shaken hands with M. de Manteuffel, stated to the former that, having been advised by his body physicians to renounce State affairs for three months, he requested the Prince to assume the duties of representing him during that period. The King signed the rescript with a firm hand. The official letter, signed by the King, and the announcement by the Prince of Prussia of his assumption of the Royal functions have been published. As soon as is possible the King will be conveyed to Charlottenburg, which is more suited than Sans Souci to an autumnal residence, and he will stay there in all probability at least two months.

AUSTRIA.

RESEARCH FOR THE DEVIL.

The Austrian press is at present engaged in a curious and singular speculation. Many persons disputing on the individuality of the devil, assert that his satanic majesty really exists upon the earth, although under an invisible form, and that he plays a grand *rôle* in the life of man. Others, denying this assertion, declare that the devil is only a symbolical figure, without any power whatever over human destiny. It is worthy of remark, that the journals engaged in this interesting discussion have more than once introduced the name of Louis Venillot. Another curious circumstance is, that the celebrated editor-in-chief of the *Univers* passes generally in Germany as a priest belonging to some religious order. The *Gazette d'Augsbourg* always styles him *le père* Venillot—not ironically, after the manner of Charivari, but in sober earnestness, and in perfect good faith.

PORTUGAL.

THE PLAGUE AT LISBON.

A letter from Lisbon says: "I regret that I am not yet able to notice a change for the better in the course of the deadly epidemic which continues to ravage this capital. The disease now appears to be spreading, instead of confining itself, as at first, to the parishes of the Sé and Magdalena. The movement every where, and among all classes, is to get out of the town and into the open country. So many people have left Lisbon that the altered state of things is obvious to every body. There is no appearance of life, no business. The shops are shut; no carriages wake the echoes of the silent streets. On 'Change it is the same; hardly a dozen merchants are to be found at the hours of business; few bills are negotiated, and every thing in the shape of trade is paralyzed. The Government has begun to provide encampments in squares and open places for the gallegos or water-carriers, who live in close, dirty houses, where they are greatly overcrowded and unable to pay proper attention to cleanliness. The average mortality is about sixty daily, and the upper and middle classes of society have hitherto suffered most. The Count de Casal, the Baron de Rezende and Signor Senzedello are among the victims of note who have recently been carried off. The faculty still continue divided in their opinions about the nature of the fever, and are by no means unanimous in classing it as yellow fever. There can, however, be no doubt that many cases of yellow fever have occurred, but the balance of probabilities seems to turn to the side of those who maintain that the disease is a species of typhus, highly contagious and very fatal in its effects. Among other things, may be mentioned the fact that the Cardinal Patriarch, the head of the Church in Lisbon, has seized this time to visit Santarem, where he persists in remaining—praying, but at a distance, for the welfare of his flock. I hear, besides, of some cases of husbands abandoning their wives and children who are attacked by the fever, and flying away into the open country. But in opposition to this, we may set the conduct of many members of the medical profession, who manfully maintain their posts, although many of their number have succumbed to the destroyer. The King is also assiduous in doing every thing in his power to calm the terror of the people, and is frequently to be seen riding about the streets."

INDIA.

THE FALL OF DELHI.

The correspondent of the London *Times* says: "At length I am able to announce to you the fall of the revolted capital of Northwestern India, or, if that appellation be not strictly correct, of the ancient chief city of the Mogul empire, in which a faithless soldiery had sought to re-erect the independent throne of the descendant of Baber. Delhi is once more in possession of the British. Our information at present is more scanty than could be desired, owing partly to the dawk communication being unluckily intercepted between Lahore and Mooltan. But the main facts have reached us from so many quarters as to leave no doubt whatever that the place was assaulted with success on the 14th September, when a permanent lodgment was effected; that during the four or five following days further advances and acquisitions on the city were made; and that finally, on the 20th, the whole of the space inclosed within the walls was in our possession. I should observe, however, that we have not received as yet such certain evidence of the truth of the latter part of this story as of that of the former. The proceedings of the 14th, 15th, 16th, are known to us, however, compendiously from the official bulletins issued by the Chief Commissioner at Lahore, and founded, as you know, on telegraphic messages from Delhi. But of the final occupation on the 20th we have only heard by an express from the Residency at Jeypore in Rajpootana, which reached Lord Elphinstone by way of Ahmedabad yesterday. It is dated at Jeypore on the evening of the 23d, and is to the effect that the news had just been received at the Residency both from the Rajah and also from the Vakeel or Minister of the Nawab of Jhujjur, to whom it may be presumed to have been forwarded by his master, a chief resident in the immediate neighborhood of Delhi. Thus the tidings of our ultimate and complete success rest at present on native authority only, but as the natural sequel and complement of our undoubted triumph of the 14th they are universally credited."

CAWNPORE AND LUCKNOW.

He adds: "Regarding Cawnpore and Lucknow I am unable to give you so favorable an account as a fortnight ago I, with reason as I thought, anticipated that I should be able to do. General Outram, in his letter of the 2d of September, expressed a hope that he should get over the distance between Allahabad (where he was at the time of writing) and Cawnpore by the 9th. In this hope he was, however, disappointed. Probably, after enduring so much rain, more than the ordinary difficulties embarrassed his march; and on one occasion at least his advance was impeded by an armed force, or his progress hindered by the necessity of chastising it. A party, estimated by its subsequent destroyer at about 300 strong, with a few guns (the number is not mentioned), crossed the Ganges from Oude, presumably for the purpose of plunder, at a point ahead of Sir James's line of march. As soon as they were heard of Major Vincent Eyre, of old Afghan and recent Arrah celebrity, was sent on with part of his own battery, detachments of the 5th and 64th Foot, and a troop of irregular Horse, to attack and disperse them. On the Major's approach the enemy hastily betook themselves to their boats, pursued by the cavalry, upon whom, when they had re-embarked, they kept up a smart fire. Even when the infantry came up and poured volley after volley into the crowded boats, the rebels still made what defense and return they could, but when the field-pieces opened with grape they threw themselves panic-stricken into the river, to perish almost to a man under the fire of all arms that rained upon them from the bank. The boats were sunk and the guns with them. This was on the 10th of September. On the 15th, the head-quarters of the 5th Fusileers and the remainder of the 78th Highlanders reached Cawnpore, and, Sir James with the rest of the force being expected on the following day, orders were given by General Havelock to prepare to commence the crossing of the river at half past two the next morning. Meanwhile, of the imprisoned garrison of Lucknow we have heard but very little. That little, however, is all encouraging, though vague. They had undermined and blown up a house near the intrenchment, with a number of fanatics who occupied it, and then sallying out had spiked the two 18-pounder guns which the enemy had brought to bear upon them, though without doing much damage. Of the amount of provisions we hear nothing one way or the other."

MUTINY IN THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

He adds: "For the past fortnight we have had further little disturbances in this Presidency, which constitute a drawback, though but a slight one, on the generally favorable character of the intelligence, and afford a contrast to the loyalty of the Madras army, still unstained, unless by the refusal of the 8th Cavalry to proceed for service to Bengal, for which, by-the-way, all the subahdars and the native staff officers have been summarily dismissed the service. You may remember that I noted in my last that the native artillery at Hyderabad and Shikarpore in Scinde were thought to be wavering, and that a company of European artillerymen had been sent up from Bombay in great haste to relieve them of the guns which it was feared they might misuse. At Hyderabad it was found necessary to take prompt measures without waiting for the arrival of the Europeans. Acting upon information derived from his subahdar, Lieutenant Battiscombe, commanding the company, applied to the brigadier, and by means of 500 of the police and 100 picked men of the 13th Native Infantry, the golandas were disarmed and the guns taken away into the fort. At Shikarpore, some days later, some fifteen of the artillerymen got hold of the guns one very dark night, and blazed away at nothing or any thing till driven away by the police, who fired at the flashes of the guns. One or two were killed, and the others decamped, only to be brought in dead or alive by the police and the villagers. Here and every where throughout Scinde the police have behaved admirably. An affair at Kurrachee was more serious. There, one evening, a plot on the part of his regiment was disclosed to Major Macgregor, of the 21st Native Infantry, to rise that very night, murder the Europeans, and make off for Hyderabad. Every thing seems to have been admirably well managed. The 2d Europeans (two companies only) and the Horse Artillery were ordered out at once, and the regiment was surprised. Some twenty-seven were missing, all of whom have since been executed or slain by the police or the villagers, and about the same number, whose firelocks were found to be loaded, are to be transported for life. These men are thought to be, and perhaps are, all the conspirators in the regiment, in which case the intended mutiny would be quite one of the Bombay as opposed to the Bengal type, where the predominance of low-caste and Concanee (or west coast) men, though not always sufficiently great entirely to preserve the corps from mutiny, seems to be able to prevent its infecting the whole body."

NENA SAHIB'S PROCLAMATIONS.

The following proclamations issued by this miscreant have been forwarded to us for publication. The first is dated the 1st of July: "As, by the kindness of God and the ikbal or good fortune of the Emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Satarah, and other places, and even those 5000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops, who are firm to their religion; and as they have all been conquered by the present Government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the Government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence, and to carry on their respective work with comfort and ease."

Proclamation dated the 1st of July, and issued by order of the Nena: "As, by the bounty of the Glorious Almighty God and the enemy-destroying fortune of the Emperor, the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpoor has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners should be as obedient to the present Government as they had been to the former one; that all the Government servants should promptly and cheerfully engage their whole mind in executing the orders of Government; that it is the incumbent duty of all the ryots and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed; and that they should as usual be obedient to the authorities of the Government, and never to suffer any complaint against themselves to reach the ears of the higher authority."

Order dated the 5th of July to the city Kotwal (Mayor) by the Nena: "It has come to our notice that some of the city people, having heard the rumors of the arrival of the European soldiers at Allahabad, are deserting their houses and going out into the districts; you are, therefore, directed to proclaim in each lane and street of the city that regiments of cavalry and infantry and batteries have been dispatched to check the Europeans either at Allahabad or Futteypoor; that the people should therefore remain in their houses without any apprehension and engage their minds in carrying on their work."

THE EXECUTIONS AT KURRACHEE.

On the 17th of September, at half past four o'clock, the station was in a high state of excitement, owing to its having become known that the General Court Martial assembled for the trial of the mutineers of the 21st Native Infantry had finished its proceedings, and from seeing the gallows previously erected a scene was expected. Very shortly after that hour the four companies of the 2d European Regiment arrived on the ground with the condemned prisoners on their reverse flank in gharries, escorted by a strong guard under an officer. Presently came the 21st Native Infantry, then the 14th Native Infantry and Horse Artillery. The prisoners were then taken out of the gharries, and their names called over by the Brigade-major, and the first seven who were condemned to be hung, with the other three condemned to be blown away, were marched to the rear of the gallows between their late regiment and that erection. The court-martial and the sentence of the court were then read in English by the Brigade-major, and ably translated in an audible voice by Major Goldsmid. The seven prisoners for the scaffold were then marched up to its steps, and ascended without much assistance. One man only spoke when on the drop. He stated "it was his first offense, and it was no use hanging him; he had done fourteen years nokrie." The ropes being adjusted after some little delay, the culprits being faced about to meet the gaze of their late corps, the signal was given, and the seven rascals were launched into eternity. It was now found it would not do to blow away the remaining three in the square where the gallows had been erected, so the Brigade was moved off about 200 yards toward the maidan between the sappers' lines, when three guns of the Horse Artillery were unlimbered, and the three sentenced to be blown away met with their doom. The Brigade remained on the ground half an hour, during which time the bodies were left hanging, and then cut down and handed over to the police in carts by a party of the 2d English Light Infantry, who remained in charge of the gallows.

HOW THE REBELLION WAS PLANNED.

An Indian letter says:

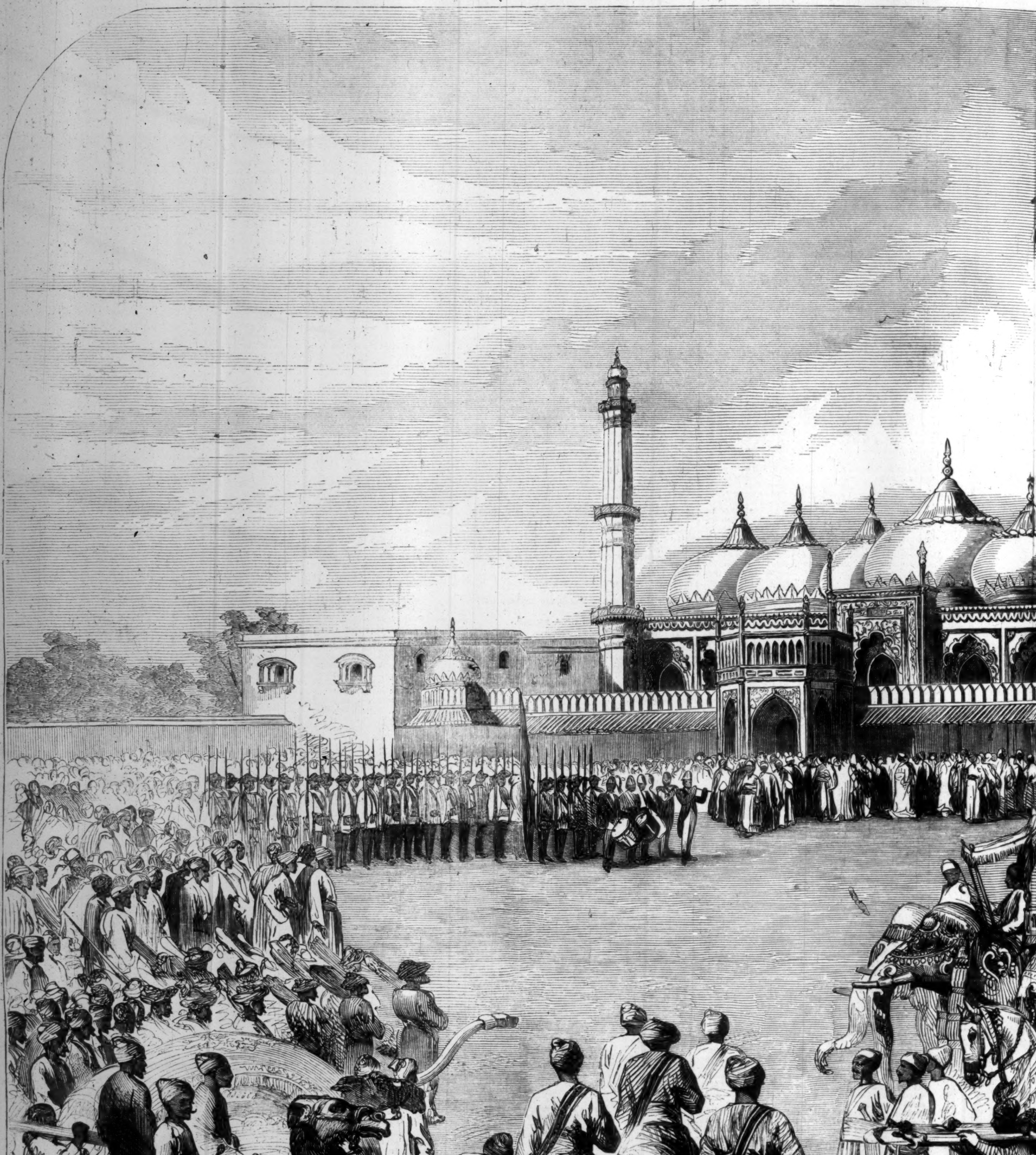
"On the 15th January, at the request of a friend of mine, a shrewd Scotchman, I prepared for —— (up-country native, of high respectability) a petition to the Governor-General, intimating to his lordship that they had become aware of the fact, almost unknown, that treasure to the extent of £3,600,000 was buried underground in the neighborhood of Agra; that they alone knew where it was; and praying that, in the event of the treasure being recovered by their aid, the government would allow them one-fourth. .... The petition was presented to the government. The government — but more especially its secretary, the astute Beadon—was in raptures at the thought of getting £2,700,000 (clear of deductions) for nothing. But the whole matter was kept a most profound secret. Plans were arranged with weary detail, and finally agreed on. Passports on secret service were given to the native informers and all their servants, to be employed in quickly discovering to the government the coveted treasure. When all details were arranged, —— and company were bowed out of the secretariat by the astute Beadon with the most cordial salams, and a hearty 'God speed ye' followed them out of the room. They left the secretariat to return no more. The whole story was a lie, —— and company were emissaries of the King of Oude, and their object was to get for themselves and their *employés* these passports on secret service, which enabled them to wander unmolested from one cantonment to another, and to spread sedition in every regiment and village which should be honored by their company. This is a specimen of the villainous ingenuity of the natives, and shows how systematically this rebellion was got up."

GRAND STATE PROCESSION AT DELHI.

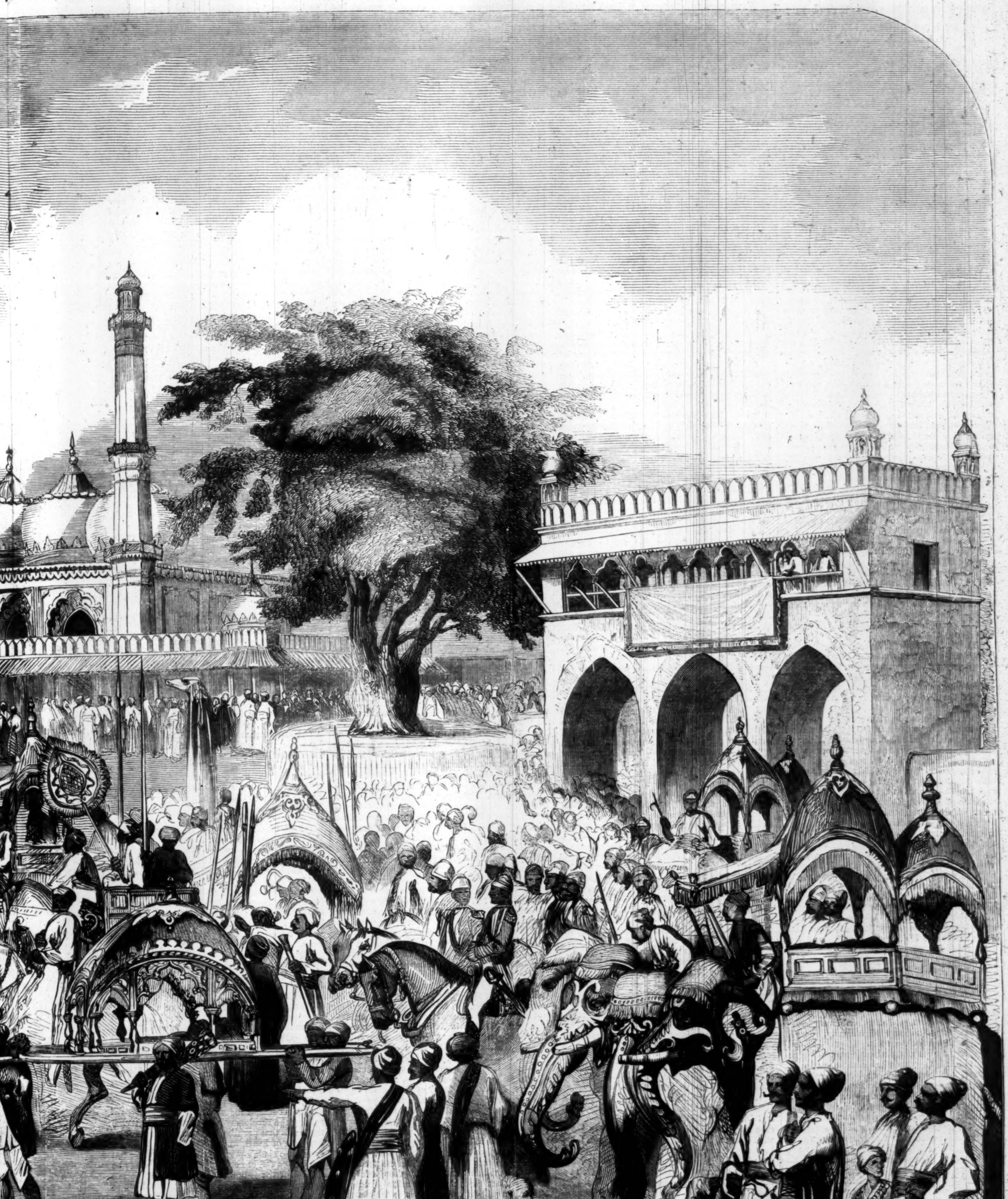
ON the two following pages the reader will find a splendid engraving of one of the state processions which have been common at Delhi and in other parts of India.

When the King of Delhi went to the Mosque on high days and holidays, his retinue would have put a European monarch to the blush. Elephants, camels, horses, mules, armed men, flunkies, rabble, and dogs, fairly choked the Broadway of Delhi—the Chander Choke. The brute creatures showed their sense by holding their tongues; but the human animals, from the start of the procession to its close, never ceased to rend the air with incoherent shouts and unearthly music from drum, fife, and tomtom. In the midst of the din and clatter, seated on the back of his state-elephant, the King of Delhi never showed, by word or sign, that he was conscious either of the uproar he was creating or even of the throng which surrounded him. Impassibility has always been a striking characteristic of these Indian chiefs; and the reprobate King of Delhi, who by this time is probably hanging in chains, was no exception to the rule.

Some years since an application was made to the British Government by some of the traders on the Chander Choke to put a stop to the processions of his majesty, or at least to request him to content himself with a score or so of followers when he went to the mosque. The Council at Calcutta denied the request, judging, perhaps shrewdly, that it was not politic to take any measure which could tend to render the native sovereigns less distasteful than they were to the people.



GRAND STATE PROCESSION AT DELHI, WITH



...ITH RAJAH, ELEPHANTS, AND ARMED FOLLOWERS.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

In every civilized society there is found a race of men who retain the instincts of the aboriginal cannibal, and live upon their fellow-men as a natural food. These interesting but formidable bipeds, having caught their victim, invariably select one part of his body on which to fasten their relentless grinders. The part thus selected is peculiarly susceptible, Providence having made it alive to the least nibble; it is situated just above the hip-joint, it is protected by a tegument of exquisite fibre, vulgarly called "THE BREECHES POCKET." The thoroughbred Anthropophagite usually begins with his own relations and friends; and so long as he confines his voracity to the domestic circle, the Laws interfere little, if at all, with his venerable propensities. But when he has exhausted all that allows itself to be edible in the bosom of private life, the Man-eater falls loose on Society, and takes to prowling—then "*Sauve qui peut!*" the Laws rouse themselves, put on their spectacles, call for their wigs and gowns, and the Anthropophagite turned prowler is not always sure of his dinner. It is when he has arrived at this stage of development that the Man-eater becomes of importance, enters into the domain of History, and occupies the thoughts of Moralists.

ON the same morning in which Waife thus went forth from the "Saracen's Head" in quest of the doctor, but at a later hour, a man, who, to judge by the elaborate smartness of his attire, and the jaunty assurance of his saunter, must have wandered from the gay purlieus of Regent Street, threaded his way along the silent and desolate thoroughfares that intersect the remotest districts of Bloomsbury. He stopped at the turn into a small street still more sequestered than those which led to it, and looked up to the angle on the wall whereon the name of the street should have been inscribed. But the wall had been lately whitewashed, and the whitewash had obliterated the expected epigraph. The man muttered an impatient execration; and turning round as if to seek a passenger of whom to make inquiry, beheld, on the opposite side of the way, another man apparently engaged in the same research. Involuntarily each crossed over the road toward the other.

"Pray, Sir," quoth the second wayfarer in that desert, "can you tell me if this is a street that is called a Place—Poddon Place, Upper?"

"Sir," returned the sprucer wayfarer, "it is the question I would have asked of you."

"Strange!"

"Very strange indeed that more than one person can, in this busy age, employ himself in discovering a Poddon Place! Not a soul to inquire of—not a shop that I see—not an orange stall!"

"Ha!" cried the other, in a hoarse sepulchral voice—"Ha! there is a pot-boy! Boy—boy—boy! I say; Hold, there! hold! Is this Poddon Place—Upper?"

"Yes, it be," answered the pot-boy, with a sleepy air, caught in that sleepy atmosphere; and chiming his pewter against an area rail with a dull clang, he chanted forth "Pots oho!" with a note as dirge-like as that which in the City of the Plague chanted "Out with the dead!"

Meanwhile the two wayfarers exchanged bows and parted—the sprucer wayfarer, whether from the indulgence of a reflective mood, or from an habitual indifference to things and persons not concerning him, ceased to notice his fellow-solitary, and rather busied himself in sundry little coquetries appertaining to his own person. He passed his hand through his hair, rearranged the cock of his hat, looked complacently at his boots, which still retained the gloss of the morning's varnish, drew down his wristbands, and, in a word, gave sign of a man who desires to make an effect, and feels that he ought to do it. So occupied was he in this self-commune, that when he stopped at length at one of the small doors in the small street, and lifted his hand to the knocker, he started to see that Wayfarer the Second was by his side.

The two men now examined each other briefly but deliberately. Wayfarer the First was still young—certainly handsome, but with an indescribable look about the eye and lip, from which the other recoiled with an instinctive awe—a hard look, a cynical look—a sidelong, quiet, defying, remorseless look. His clothes were so new of gloss, that they seemed put on for the first time, were shaped to the prevailing fashion, and of a taste for colors less subdued than is usual with Englishmen, yet still such as a person of good mien could wear without incurring the charge of vulgarity, though liable to that of self-conceit. If you doubted that the man were a gentleman, you would have been puzzled to guess what else he could be. Were it not for the look we have mentioned, and which was perhaps not habitual, his appearance might have been called prepossessing. In his figure there was the grace, in his step the elasticity, which come from just proportions and muscular strength. In his hand he carried a supple switch stick, slight and innocuous to appearance, but weighted at the handle after the fashion of a life-preserver. The tone of his voice was not displeasing to the ear, though there might be something artificial in the swell of it—the sort of tone men assume when they desire to seem more frank and off-hand than belongs to their nature—a sort of rollicking tone which is to the voice what swagger is to the gait. Still that look!—it produced on you the effect which might be created by some strange animal, not without beauty, but deadly to man. Wayfarer the Second was big and burly, middle-aged, large-whiskered, his complexion dirty. He wore a wig—a wig evident, unmistakable—a wig curled and rusty—over the wig a dingy white hat. His black stock fitted tight round his throat, and across his breast he had thrown the folds of a Scotch plaid.

WAYFARER THE FIRST. "You call here, too—on Mrs. Crane?"

WAYFARER THE SECOND. "Mrs. Crane?—you too? Strange!"

WAYFARER THE FIRST (with constrained civility). "Sir, I call on business—private business."

WAYFARER THE SECOND (with candid surliness). "So do I."

WAYFARER THE FIRST. "Oh!"

WAYFARER THE SECOND. "Ha! the locks unbar!"

The door opened, and an old meagre woman-servant presented herself.

WAYFARER THE FIRST (gliding before the big man with a serpent's undulating celerity of movement). "Mrs. Crane lives here?"—"Yes." "She's at home, I suppose?"—"Yes!" "Take up my card; say I come alone—not with this gentleman."

Wayfarer the Second seems to have been rather put out by the manner of his rival. He recedes a step.

"You know the lady of this mansion well, Sir?"

"Extremely well."

"Ha! then I yield you the precedence; I yield it, Sir, but conditionally. You will not be long?"

"Not a moment longer than I can help; the land will be clear for you in an hour or less."

"Or less, so please you, let it be or less. Servant, Sir."

"Sir, yours.—Come, my Hebe; track the dancers, that is, go up the stairs, and let me renew the dreams of youth in the eyes of Crane!"

The old woman, meanwhile, had been turning over the card in her withered palm, looking from the card to the visitor's face, and then to the card again, and mumbling to herself. At length she spoke:

"You, Mr. Losely—you!—Jasper Losely! how you be changed! what ha' ye done to yourself? where's your comeliness? where's the look that stole ladies' hearts?—you, Jasper Losely! you are his goblin!"

"Hold your peace, old hussey!" said the visitor, evidently annoyed at remarks so disparaging. "I am Jasper Losely, more bronzed of cheek, more iron of hand." He raised his switch with a threatening gesture, that might be in play; for the lips wore smiles, or might be in earnest, for the brows were bent; and pushing into the passage, and shutting the door, said—"Is your mistress up stairs? show me to her room, or—" The old crone gave him one angry glance, which sunk frightened beneath the cruel gleam of his eyes, and hastening up the stairs with a quicker stride than her age seemed to warrant, cried out—"Mistress, mistress! here is Mr. Losely!—Jasper Losely himself!" By the time the visitor had reached the landing-place of the first floor, a female form had emerged from a room above;—a female face peered over the banisters. Losely looked up and started as he saw it. A haggard face—the face of one over whose life there has passed a blight. When last seen by him it had possessed beauty, though of a masculine rather than womanly character. Now of that beauty not a trace! the cheeks sunken and hollow, left the nose sharp, long, beaked as a bird of prey. The hair, once glossy in its ebon hue, now grizzled, harsh, neglected, hung in tortured tangled meshes—a study for an artist who would paint a fury. But the eyes were bright—brighter than ever; bright now with a glare that lighted up the whole face bending over the man. In those burning eyes was there love? was there hate? was there welcome? was there menace? Impossible to distinguish; but at least one might perceive that there was joy.

"So," said the voice from above, "so we do meet at last, Jasper Losely; you are come!"

Drawing a loose kind of dressing-robe more closely round her, the mistress of the house now descended the stairs—rapidly, flittingly, with a step noiseless as a spectre's, and, grasping Losely firmly by the hand, led him into a chill, dank, sunless drawing-room, gazing into his face fixedly all the while.

He winced and writhed. "There, there, let us sit down, my dear Mrs. Crane."

"And once I was called Bella."

"Ages ago! *Basta!* All things have their end. Do take those eyes of yours off my face; they were always so bright!—and really now they are perfect burning glasses! How close it is. Peuh! I am dead tired. May I ask for a glass of water—a drop of wine in it—or—brandy will do as well?"

"Ho! you have come to brandy, and morning drams—eh, Jasper?" said Mrs. Crane, with a strange, dreary accent. "I too once tried if fire could burn up thought, but it did not succeed with me; that is years ago;—and—there—see, the bottles are full still!"

While thus speaking, she had unlocked a chiffonier of the shape usually found in "genteel lodgings," and taken out a leather spirit-case containing four bottles, with a couple of wine-glasses. This case she placed on the table before Mr. Losely, and contemplated him at leisure while he helped himself to the raw spirits.

As she thus stood, an acute student of Lavater might have recognized, in her harsh and wasted countenance, signs of an original nature superior to that of her visitor; on her knitted brow, a sense higher in quality than on his smooth, low forehead; on her straight, stern lip, less cause for distrust than in the false good-humor which curved his handsome mouth into that smile of the fickle, which, responding to mirth but not to affection, is often lighted and never warmed. It is true that in that set pressure of her lip there might be cruelty, and, still more, the secretiveness which can harbor deceit; and yet, by the nervous workings of that lip, when relieved from such pressure, you would judge the woman to be rather by natural temperament passionate and impulsive than systematically cruel or deliberately false—false or cruel only as some predominating passion became the soul's absolute tyrant, and adopted the tyrant's vices. Above all, in those very lines destructive to beauty, that had been plowed, not by time, over her sallow cheeks, there was written the susceptibility to grief, to shame, to the sense of fall, which was not visible in the unreflective reckless aspect of the sleek human animal before her.

In the room, too, there were some evidences of a cultivated taste. On the walls, book-shelves, containing volumes of a decorous and severe literature, such as careful parents allow to studious daughters—the stately master-pieces of Fenelon and Racine—selections, approved by boarding-schools, from Tasso, Dante, Metastasio;—among English authors, Addison, Johnson, Blair (his lectures as well as sermons)—elementary works on such sciences as admit female neophytes into their porticoes if not into their penetralia—botany, chemistry, astronomy. Prim as soldiers on parade stood the books—not a gap in their ranks—evidently never now displaced for recreation—well bound, yet faded, dusty;—relics of a by-gone life. Some of them might perhaps have been prizes at school, or birth-day gifts from proud relations. There, too, on the table, near the spirit-case, lay open a once handsome work-box—no silks now on the skeleton reels—discolored, but not by use, in its nest of tarnished silk, slept the golden thimble. There, too, in the corner, near a music-stand piled high with musical compositions of various schools and graduated complexity, from "lessons for beginners" to the most arduous gamut of a German oratorio, slunk pathetically a poor lute harp, the strings long since broken. There, too, by the window, hung a wire bird-cage, the bird long since dead. In a word, round the woman gazing on Jasper Losely, as he complacently drank his brandy, grouped the forlorn tokens of an early state—the lost golden age of happy girlish studies, of harmless girlish tastes.

"*Basta*—eno'," said Mr. Losely, pushing aside the glass which he had twice filled and twice drained—"to business. Let me see the child—I feel up to it now."

A darker shade fell over Arabella Crane's face as she said:

"The child—she is not here! I have disposed of her long ago."

"Eh! disposed of her! what do you mean?"

"Do you ask as if you feared I had put her out of the world? No! Well, then—you come to England to see the child? You miss—you love, the child of that—of that—" She paused, checked herself, and added in an altered voice—"of that honest, high-minded gentlewoman, whose memory must be so dear to me—you love that child; very natural, Jasper."

"Love her! a child I have scarcely seen since she was born!—do talk common sense. No. But have I not told you that she ought to be money's worth to me—ay, and she shall be yet, despite that proud man's disdainful insolence."

"That proud man—what! you have ventured to address him—visit him—since your return to England?"

"Of course. That's what brought me over. I imagined the man would rejoice at what I told him—open his purse-strings—lavish blessings and bank-notes. And the brute would not even believe me—all because—"

"Because you had sold the right to be believed before. I told you, when I took the child, that you would never succeed there—that I would never encourage you in the attempt. But you had sold the future, as you sold your past—too cheaply, it seems, Jasper."

"Too cheaply, indeed. Who could ever have supposed that I should have been fobbed off with such a pittance?"

"Who, indeed, Jasper! You were made to spend fortunes, and call them pittances when spent, Jasper! You should have been a prince, Jasper—such princely tastes! Trinkets and dress, horses and dice, and plenty of ladies to look and die! Such princely spirit too!—bounding all return for loyal sacrifice to the honor you vouchsafed in accepting it!"

Uttering this embittered irony, which nevertheless seemed rather to please than to offend her guest, she kept moving about the room, and (whether from some drawer in the furniture, or from her own person, Losely's careless eye did not observe) she suddenly drew forth a miniature, and, placing it before him, exclaimed, "Ah, but you are altered from those days—see what you then were!" Losely's gaze thus abruptly invited, fixed itself on the effigies of a youth eminently handsome, and of that kind of beauty which, without being effeminate, approaches to the fineness and brilliancy of the female countenance—a beauty which renders its possessor inconveniently conspicuous, and too often, by winning that ready admiration which it costs no effort to obtain, withdraws the desire of applause from successes to be achieved by labor, and hardens egotism by the excuses it lends to self-esteem. It is true that this handsome face had not the elevation bestowed by thoughtful expression; but thoughtful expression is not the attribute a painter seeks to give to the abstract comeliness of early youth—and it is seldom to be acquired without that constitutional wear and tear which is injurious to mere physical beauty. And over the whole countenance was diffused a sunny light, the freshness of thoughtless health, of luxuriant vigor, so that even that arrogant vanity which an acute observer might have detected as the prevailing mental characteristic, seemed but a glad exultation in the gifts of benignant nature. Not there the look which, in the matured man gazing on the bright ghost of his former self, might have daunted the timid and warned the wise. "And I was like this. True! I remember well when it was taken, and no one called it flattering," said Mr. Losely, with pathetic self-condolence. "But I can't be very much changed," he added, with a half laugh. "At my age one may have a manlier look, yet—"

"Yet still be handsome, Jasper," said Mrs. Crane. "You are so. But look at me—what am I?"

"Oh, a very fine woman, my dear Crane—always were. But you neglect yourself; you should not do that; keep it up to the last. Well, but to return to the child. You have disposed of her without my consent, without letting me know."

"Letting you know! How many years is it since you even gave me your address? Never fear, she is in good hands."

"Whose? At all events I must see her."

"See her! What for?"

"What for! Hang it, it is natural that, now I am in England, I should at least wish to know what she is like. And I think it very strange that you should send her away, and then make all these difficulties. What's your object? I don't understand it."

"My object! What could be my object but to serve you? At your request I took, fed, reared a child, whom you could not expect me to love, at my own cost. Did I ever ask you for a shilling? Did I ever suffer you to give me one? Never! At last, hearing no more *from* you, and what little I heard *of* you, making me think that if any thing happened to me (and I was very ill at the time), you could only find her a burden; at last, I say, the old man came to me—you had given him my address—and he offered to take her, and I consented. She is with him."

"The old man! She is with him! And where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Humph! How does he live? Can he have got any money?"

"I don't know."

"Did any old friends take him up?"

"Would he go to old friends?"

Mr. Losely tossed off two fresh glasses of brandy, one after the other, and, rising, walked to and fro the room, his hands buried in his pockets, and in no comfortable vein of reflection. At length he paused, and said, "Well, upon the whole, I don't see what I could do with the girl just at present, though, of course, I ought to know where she is, and with whom. Tell me, Mrs. Crane, what is she like—pretty or plain?"

"I suppose the chit would be called pretty—by some persons at least."

"*Very* pretty? handsome?" asked Losely, abruptly.

"Handsome or not, what does it signify? what good comes of beauty? You had beauty enough; what have you done with it?"

At that question Losely drew himself up with a sudden loftiness of look and gesture, which, though prompted but by offended vanity, improved the expression of the countenance, and restored to it much of its earlier character. Mrs. Crane gazed on him, startled into admiration, and it was in an altered voice, half reproachful, half bitter, that she continued—

"And now that you are satisfied about her, have you no questions to ask about me—what I do—how I live?"

"My dear Mrs. Crane, I know that you are comfortably off, and were never of a mercenary temper. I trust you are happy, and so forth—I wish I were; things don't prosper with me. If you could conveniently lend me a five-pound note—"

"You would borrow of me, Jasper? Ah! you come to me in your troubles. You shall have the money—five pounds—ten pounds—what you please, but you will call again for it? you need me now—you will not utterly desert me now?"

"Best of creatures! never!" He seized her hand, and kissed it. She withdrew it quickly from his clasp, and, glancing over him from head to foot, said, "But are you really in need? you are well-dressed, Jasper; that you always were."

"Not always; three days ago very much the reverse; but I have had a trifling aid, and—"

"Aid in England? from whom? where? Not from him whom, you say, you had the courage to seek?"

"From whom else? Have I no claim? A miserable alms flung to me. Curse him! I tell you that man's look and language so galled me—so galled," echoed Losely, shifting his hold from the top of his switch to the centre, and bringing the murderous weight of the lead down on the palm of his other hand, "that, if his eye had quitted me for a moment, I think I must have brained him, and been—"

"Hanged!" said Mrs. Crane.

"Of course, hanged," returned Losely, resuming the reckless voice and manner in which there was that peculiar levity which comes from hardness of heart, as from the steel's hardness comes the blade's play. "But if a man did not sometimes forget consequences, there would be an end of the gallows. I am glad that his eye never left mine." And the leaden head of the switch fell with a dull, dumb sound on the floor.

Mrs. Crane made no immediate rejoinder, but fixed on her lawless visitor a gaze in which there was no womanly fear (though Losely's aspect and gesture might have sent a thrill through the nerves of many a hardy man), but which was not without womanly compassion, her countenance gradually softening more and more, as if under the influence of recollections mournful but not hostile. At length she said, in a low voice, "Poor Jasper! Is all the vain ambition that made you so false shrunk into a ferocity that finds you so powerless? Would your existence, after all, have been harder, poorer, meaner, if your faith had been kept to me!"

Evidently disliking that turn in the conversa-

tion, but checking a reply that might have been rude had no visions of five pounds—ten pounds—loomed in the distance, Mr. Losely said,

"Pshaw! Bella, pshaw! I was a fool, I dare say, and a sad dog—a very sad dog; but I had always the greatest regard for you, and always shall! Hillo, what's that? A knock at the door! Oh, by-the-by, a queer-looking man, in a white hat, called at the same time I did, to see you on private business—gave way to me—said he should come again; may I ask who he is?"

"I can not guess; no one ever calls here on business, except the tax-gatherer."

The old woman-servant now entered. "A gentleman, ma'am—says his name is Rugge."

"Rugge—Rugge—let me think."

"I am here, Mrs. Crane," said the manager, striding in. "You don't perhaps call me to mind by name; but—oho—not gone, Sir! Do I intrude prematurely?"

"No, I have done; good-day, my dear Mrs. Crane."

"Stay, Jasper. I remember you now, Mr. Rugge; take a chair."

She whispered a few words into Losely's ear, then turned to the manager, and said aloud, "I saw you at Mr. Waife's lodging, at the time he had that bad accident."

"And I had the honor to accompany you home, ma'am, and—but shall I speak out before this gentleman?"

"Certainly; you see he is listening to you with attention. This gentleman and I have no secrets from each other. What has become of that person? This gentleman wishes to know."

Losely. "Yes, Sir, I wish to know—particularly."

Rugge. "So do I; that is partly what I came about. You are aware, I think, ma'am, that I engaged him and Juliet Araminta—that is, Sophy."

Losely. "Sophy—engaged them, Sir—how?"

Rugge. "Theatrical line, Sir—Rugge's Exhibition; he was a great actor once, that fellow Waife."

Losely. "Oh, actor!—well, Sir, go on."

Rugge (who in the course of his address turns from the lady to the gentleman, from the gentleman to the lady, with appropriate gesture and appealing look). "But he became a wreck, a block of a man; lost an eye and his voice too. However, to serve him, I took his grandchild and him too. He left me—shamefully, and ran off with his grandchild, Sir. Now, ma'am, to be plain with you, that little girl I looked upon as my property—a very valuable property. She is worth a great deal to me, and I have been done out of her. If you can help me to get her back, articled and engaged say for three years, I am willing and happy, ma'am, to pay something handsome—uncommon handsome."

Mrs. Crane (loftily). "Speak to that gentleman—*he* may treat with you."

Losely. "What do you call uncommon handsome, Mr.—Mr. Tugge?"

Rugge. "Rugge! Sir; we shan't disagree, I hope, provided you have the power to get Waife to bind the girl to me."

Losely. "I may have the power to transfer the young lady to your care; young lady is a more respectful phrase than girl; and possibly to dispense with Mr. Waife's consent to such arrangement. But excuse me if I say that I must know a little more of yourself before I could promise to exert such a power on your behalf."

Rugge. "Sir, I shall be proud to improve our acquaintance. As to Waife, the old vagabond, he has injured and affronted me, Sir. I don't bear malice, but I have a spirit—Britons have a spirit, Sir. And you will remember, ma'am, that when I accompanied you home, I observed that Mr. Waife was a mysterious man, and had apparently known better days, and that when a man is mysterious, and falls into the sear and yellow leaf, ma'am, without that which should accompany old age, Sir, one has a right to suspect that some time or other he has done something or other, ma'am, which makes him fear lest the very stones prate of his whereabouts, Sir. And you did not deny, ma'am, that the mystery was suspicious, but you said, with uncommon good sense, that it was nothing to me what Mr. Waife had once been, so long as he was of use to me at that particular season. Since then, Sir, he has ceased to be of use—ceased, too, in the unhandsomest manner. And if you would, ma'am, from a sense of justice, just unravel the mystery, put me in possession of the secret, it might make that base man of use to me again—give me a handle over him, Sir, so that I might awe him into restoring my property, as, morally speaking, Juliet Araminta most undoubtedly is. That's why I call—leaving my company, to which I am a father, orphans for the present. But I have missed that little girl—that young lady, Sir. I called her a phenomenon, ma'am—missed her much—it is natural, Sir; I appeal to you. No man can be done out of a valuable property and not feel it, if he has a heart in his bosom. And if I had her back safe, I should indulge ambition. I have always had ambition. The theatre at York, Sir—that is my ambition; I had it from a child, Sir; dreamed of it three times, ma'am. If I had back my property in that phenomenon, I would go at the thing, slap bang, take the York, and bring out the phenomenon, with *a claw!*"

Losely (musingly). "You say the young lady is a phenomenon, and for this phenomenon you are willing to pay something handsome—a vague expression. Put it into *£ s. d.*"

Rugge. "Sir, if she can be bound to me legally for three years, I would give £100. I did offer to Waife £50—to you, Sir, £100."

Losely's eyes flashed and his hands opened restlessly. "But, confound it, where is she? have you no clew?"

Rugge. "No, but we can easily find one; it was not worth my while to hunt them up before I was quite sure that, if I regained my property in that phenomenon, the law would protect it."

Mrs. Crane (moving to the door). "Well, Jasper Losely, you will sell the young lady, I doubt not; and when you have sold her, let me know." She came back and whispered, "You will not perhaps now want money from me, but I shall see you again; for, if you would find the child, you will need my aid."

"Certainly, my dear friend, I will call again; honor bright."

Mrs. Crane here bowed to the gentlemen, and swept out of the room.

Thus left alone, Losely and Rugge looked at each other with a shy and yet cunning gaze—Rugge's hands in his trowsers pockets, his head thrown back—Losely's hands involuntarily expanded, his head bewitchingly bent forward, and a little on one side.

"Sir," said Rugge at length, "what do you say to a chop and a pint of wine? Perhaps we could talk more at our ease elsewhere. I am only in town for a day—left my company thirty miles off—orphans, as I said before."

"Mr. Rugge," said Losely, "I have no desire to stay in London, or indeed in England; and the sooner we can settle this matter, the better. Grant that we find the young lady, you provide for her board and lodging—teach her your honorable profession—behave, of course, kindly to her—"

"Like a father."

"And give to me the sum of £100?"

"That is, if you can legally make her over to me. But, Sir, may I inquire by what authority you would act in this matter?"

"On that head it will be easy to satisfy you; meanwhile I accept your proposal of an early dinner. Let us adjourn—is it to your house?"

"I have no exact private house in London; but I know a public one—commodious."

"Be it so. After you, Sir."

As they descended the stairs, the old woman-servant stood at the street door. Rugge went out first—the woman detained Losely.

"Do you find her altered?"

"Whom? Mrs. Crane?—why, years will tell. But you seem to have known me—I don't remember you."

"Not Bridgett Greggs?"

"Is it possible? I left you a middle-aged, rosy-faced woman. True, I recognize you now. There's a crown for you. I wish I had more to spare!"

Bridgett pushed back the silver.

"No—I dare not! Take money from you, Jasper Losely! Mistress would not forgive me!"

Losely, not unreluctantly, restored the crown to his pocket; and, with a snort, rather than sigh, of relief, stepped into open daylight. As he crossed the street to join Rugge, who was waiting for him on the shady side, he mechanically turned to look back at the house, and, at the open window of an upper story, he beheld again those shining eyes which had glared down on him from the stairs. He tried to smile, and waved his hand feebly. The eyes seemed to return the smile; and as he walked down the street, arm in arm with the ruffian manager, slowly recovering his springy step, and in the gloss of the new garments that set forth his still symmetrical proportions, the eyes followed him watchfully—steadfastly—till his form had vanished, and the dull street was once more a solitude.

Then Arabella Crane turned from the window. Putting her hand to her heart, "How it beats!" she muttered; "if in love or in hate, in scorn or in pity, beats once more with a human emotion. He will come again—whether for money or for woman's wit, what care I—he will come.—I will hold, I will cling to him, no more to part—for better, for worse, as it should have been once at the altar. And the child?" she paused; was it in compunction? "The child!" she continued, fiercely, and as if lashing herself into rage, "The child of that treacherous, hateful mother—yes! I will help him to sell her back as a stage-show—help him in all that does not lift her to a state from which she may look down with disdain on me. Revenge on her, on that cruel house—revenge is sweet. Oh! that it were revenge alone that bids me cling to him who deserves revenge the most." She closed her burning eyes, and sat down droopingly, rocking herself to and fro like one in pain.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

When Mr. Goodchild had looked out of the Lancaster Inn-window for two hours on end, with great perseverance, he began to entertain a misgiving that he was growing industrious. He therefore set himself next, to explore the country from the tops of all the steep hills in the neighborhood.

He came back at dinner-time, red and glowing, to tell Thomas Idle what he had seen. Thomas, on his back reading, listened with great composure, and asked him whether he really had gone up those hills, and bothered himself with those views, and walked all those miles?

"Because I want to know," added Thomas, "what you would say of it, if you were obliged to do it?"

"It would be different, then," said Francis. "It would be work, then; now, it's play."

"Play!" repeated Thomas Idle, utterly repudiating the reply. "Play! Here is a man goes systematically tearing himself to pieces, and putting himself through an incessant course of training, as if he were always under articles to fight a match for the champion's belt, and he calls it Play! Play!" exclaimed Thomas Idle, scornfully contemplating his one boot in the air. "You *can't* play. You don't know what it is. You make work of every thing."

The bright Goodchild amiably smiled.

"So you do," said Thomas. "I mean it. To me you are an absolutely terrible fellow. You do nothing like another man. Where another fellow would fall into a footbath of action or emotion, you fall into a mine. Where any other fellow would be a painted butterfly, you are a fiery dragon. Where another man would stake a sixpence, you stake your existence. If you were to go up in a balloon, you would make for heaven; and if you were to dive into the depths of the earth, nothing short of the other place would content you. What a fellow you are, Francis!"

The cheerful Goodchild laughed.

"It's all very well to laugh, but I wonder you don't feel it to be serious," said Idle. "A man who can do nothing by halves appears to me to be a fearful man."

"Tom, Tom," returned Goodchild, "if I can do nothing by halves, and be nothing by halves, it's pretty clear that you must take me as a whole, and make the best of me."

With this philosophical rejoinder, the airy Goodchild clapped Mr. Idle on the shoulder in a final manner, and they sat down to dinner.

"By-the-by," said Goodchild, "I have been over a lunatic asylum too, since I have been out."

"He has been," exclaimed Thomas Idle, casting up his eyes, "over a lunatic asylum! Not content with being as great an Ass as Captain Barclay in the pedestrian way, he makes a Lunacy Commissioner of himself—for nothing!"

"An immense place," said Goodchild, "admirable offices, very good arrangements, very good attendants; altogether a remarkable place."

"And what did you see there?" asked Mr. Idle, adapting Hamlet's advice to the occasion, and assuming the virtue of interest, though he had it not.

"The usual thing," said Francis Goodchild, with a sigh. "Long groves of blighted men-and-women-trees; interminable avenues of hopeless faces; numbers, without the slightest power of really combining for any earthly purpose; a society of human creatures who have nothing in common but that they have all lost the power of being humanly social with one another."

"Take a glass of wine with me," said Thomas Idle, "and let *us* be social."

"In one gallery, Tom," pursued Francis Goodchild, "which looked to me about the length of the Long Walk at Windsor, more or less—"

"Probably less," observed Thomas Idle.

"In one gallery, which was otherwise quite clear of patients (for they were all out), there was a poor little dark-chinned, meagre man, with a perplexed brow and a pensive face, stooping low over the matting on the floor, and picking out with his thumb and forefinger the course of its fibres. The afternoon sun was slanting in at the large end-window, and there were cross patches of light and shade all down the vista, made by the unseen windows and the open doors of the little sleeping cells on either side. In about the centre of the perspective, under an arch, regardless of the pleasant weather, regardless of the solitude, regardless of approaching footsteps, was the poor little dark-chinned, meagre man, poring over the matting. 'What are you doing there?' said my conductor, when we came to him. He looked up, and pointed to the matting. 'I wouldn't do that, I think,' said my conductor, kindly; 'if I were you, I would go and read, or I would lie down if I felt tired; but I wouldn't do that.' The patient considered a moment, and vacantly answered, 'No, Sir, I won't; I'll—I'll go and read,' and so he lamely shuffled away into one of the little rooms. I turned my head before we had gone many paces. He had already come out again, and was again poring over the matting, and tracking out its fibres with his thumb and forefinger. I stopped to look at him, and it came into my mind that probably the course of those fibres as they plaited in and out, over and under, was the only course of things in the whole wide world that it was left to him to understand—that his darkening intellect had narrowed down to the small cleft of light which showed him, 'This piece was twisted this way, went in here, passed under, came out there, was carried on away here to the right where I now put my finger on it, and in this progress of events, the thing was made and came to be here.' Then, I wondered whether he looked into the matting, next, to see if it could show him any thing of the process through which *he* came to be there, so strangely poring over it. Then I thought how all of us, God help us! in our different ways are poring over our bits of matting, blindly enough, and what confusions and mysteries we make in the pattern. I had a sadder fellow-feeling with the little dark-chinned, meagre man, by that time, and I came away."

Mr. Idle diverting the conversation to grouse, custards, and bride-cake, Mr. Goodchild followed in the same direction. The bride-cake was as bilious and indigestible as if a real Bride had cut it, and the dinner it completed was an admirable performance.

The house was a genuine old house of a very quaint description, teeming with old carvings, and beams, and panels, and having an excellent old stair-case, with a gallery or upper stair-case, cut off from it by a curious fence-work of old oak, or of the old Honduras Mahogany wood. It was, and is, and will be, for many a long year to come, a remarkably picturesque house; and a certain grave mystery lurking in the depth of the old mahogany panels, as if they were so many deep pools of dark water—such, indeed, as they had been much among when they were trees—gave it a very mysterious character after nightfall.

When Mr. Goodchild and Mr. Idle had first alighted at the door, and stepped into the sombre handsome old hall, they had been received by half a dozen noiseless old men in black, all dressed exactly alike, who glided up the stairs with the obliging landlord and waiter—but without appearing to get into their way, or to mind whether they did or no—and who had filed off to the right and left on the old stair-case, as the guests entered their sitting-room. It was then broad, bright day. But Mr. Goodchild had said, when their door was shut, "Who on earth are those old men!" And afterward, both on going out and coming in, he had noticed that there were no old men to be seen.

Neither had the old men, or any of the old men, reappeared since. The two friends had passed a night in the house, but had seen nothing more of the old men. Mr. Goodchild, in rambling about it, had looked along passages, and glanced in at door-ways, but had encountered no old men; neither did it appear that any old men were, by any member of the establishment, missed or expected.

Another odd circumstance impressed itself on their attention. It was, that the door of their sitting-room was never left untouched for a quarter of an hour. It was opened with hesitation, opened with confidence, opened a little way, opened a good way—always clapped-to again without a word of explanation. They were reading, they were writing, they were eating, they were drinking, they were talking, they were dozing; the door was always opened at an unexpected moment, and they looked toward it, and it was clapped-to again, and nobody was to be seen. When this had happened fifty times or so, Mr. Goodchild had said to his companion, jestingly: "I begin to think, Tom, there was something wrong about those six old men."

Night had come again, and they had been writing for two or three hours: writing, in short, a portion of the lazy notes from which these lazy sheets are taken. They had left off writing, and glasses were on the table between them. The house was closed and quiet, and the town was quiet. Around the head of Thomas Idle, as he lay upon his sofa, hovered light wreaths of fragrant smoke. The temples of Francis Goodchild, as he leaned back in his chair, with his two hands clasped behind his head, and his legs crossed, were similarly decorated.

They had been discussing several idle subjects of speculation, not omitting the strange old men, and were still so occupied, when Mr. Goodchild abruptly changed his attitude to wind up his watch. They were just becoming drowsy enough to be stopped in their talk by any such slight check. Thomas Idle, who was speaking at the moment, paused and said, "How goes it?"

"One," said Goodchild.

As if he had ordered One old man, and the order were promptly executed (truly, all orders were so, in that excellent hotel), the door opened, and One old man stood there.

He did not come in, but stood with the door in his hand.

"One of the six, Tom, at last!" said Mr. Goodchild, in a surprised whisper.—"Sir, your pleasure?"

"Sir, *your* pleasure?" said the One old man.

"I didn't ring."

"The Bell did," said the One old man.

He said Bell, in a deep strong way, that would have expressed the church Bell.

"I had the pleasure, I believe, of seeing you, yesterday?" said Goodchild.

"I can not undertake to say for certain," was the grim reply of the One old man.

"I think you saw me? Did you not?"

"Saw *you?*" said the old man. "Oh yes, I saw *you*. But I see many who never see me."

A chilled, slow, earthy, fixed old man. A cadaverous old man of measured speech. An old man who seemed as unable to wink, as if his eyelids had been nailed to his forehead. An old man whose eyes—two spots of fire—had no more motion than if they had been connected with the back of his skull by screws driven through it, and riveted and bolted outside, among his gray hair.

The night had turned so cold, to Mr. Goodchild's sensations, that he shivered. He remarked lightly, and half apologetically, "I think somebody is walking over my grave."

"No," said the weird old man, "there is no one there."

Mr. Goodchild looked at Idle, but Idle lay with his head enwreathed in smoke.

"No one there?" said Goodchild.

"There is no one at your grave, I assure you," said the old man.

He had come in and shut the door, and he now sat down. He did not bend himself to sit, as other people do, but seemed to sink bolt upright, as if in water, until the chair stopped him.

"My friend, Mr. Idle," said Goodchild, extremely anxious to introduce a third person into the conversation.

"I am," said the old man, without looking at him, "at Mr. Idle's service."

"If you are an old inhabitant of this place," Francis Goodchild resumed:

"Yes."

—"Perhaps you can decide a point my friend and I were in doubt upon, this morning. They hang condemned criminals at the Castle, I believe?"

"*I* believe so," said the old man.

"Are their faces turned toward that noble prospect?"

"Your face is turned," replied the old man, "to the Castle wall. When you are tied up, you see its stones expanding and contracting violently, and a similar expansion and contraction seem to take place in your own head and breast. Then, there is a rush of fire and an earthquake, and the Castle springs into the air, and you tumble down a precipice."

His cravat appeared to trouble him. He put his hand to his throat, and moved his neck from side to side. He was an old man of a swollen character of face, and his nose was immovably hitched up on one side, as if by a little hook inserted in that nostril. Mr. Goodchild felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and began to think the night was hot, and not cold.

"A strong description," Sir," he observed.

"A strong sensation," the old man rejoined.

Again Mr. Goodchild looked to Mr. Thomas Idle, but Thomas lay on his back with his face attentively turned toward the One old man, and made no sign. At this time Mr. Goodchild believed that he saw two threads of fire stretch from the old man's eyes to his own, and there attach themselves. (Mr. Goodchild writes the present account of his experience, and, with the utmost solemnity, protests that he had the strongest sensation upon him of being forced to look at the old man along those two fiery films, from that moment.)

"I must tell it to you," said the old man, with a ghastly and a stony stare.

"What?" asked Francis Goodchild.

"You know where it took place. Yonder!"

Whether he pointed to the room above, or to the room below, or to any room in that old house, or to a room in some other old house in that old town, Mr. Goodchild was not, nor is, nor ever can be, sure. He was confused by the circumstance that the right forefinger of the One old man seemed to dip itself in one of the threads of fire, light itself, and make a fiery start in the air, as it pointed somewhere. Having pointed somewhere, it went out.

"You know she was a Bride," said the old man.

"I know they still send up Bride-cake," Mr. Goodchild faltered. "This is a very oppressive air."

"She was a Bride," said the old man. "She was a fair, flaxen-haired, large-eyed girl, who had no character, no purpose. A weak, credulous, incapable, helpless nothing. Not like her mother. No, no. It was her father whose character she reflected.

"Her mother had taken care to secure every thing to herself, for her own life, when the father of this girl (a child at that time) died—of sheer helplessness; no other disorder—and then He renewed the acquaintance that had once subsisted between the mother and Him. He had been put aside for the flaxen-haired, large-eyed man (or nonentity) with Money. He could overlook that for Money. He wanted compensation in Money.

"So he returned to the side of that woman the mother, made love to her again, danced attendance on her, and submitted himself to her whims. She wreaked upon him every whim she had, or could invent. He bore it. And the more he bore, the more he wanted compensation in Money, and the more he was resolved to have it.

"But, lo! Before he got it she cheated him. In one of her imperious states, she froze, and never thawed again. She put her hands to her head one night, uttered a cry, stiffened, lay in that attitude certain hours, and died. And he had got no compensation from her in Money yet. Blight and Murrain on her! Not a penny.

"He had hated her throughout that second pursuit, and had longed for retaliation on her. He now counterfeited her signature to an instrument, leaving all she had to leave, to her daughter—ten years old then—to whom the property passed absolutely, and appointing himself the daughter's Guardian. When He slid it under the pillow of the bed on which she lay, He bent down in the deaf ear of Death, and whispered: 'Mistress Pride, I have determined a long time that, dead or alive, you must make me compensation in Money.'

"So now there were only two left. Which two were, He, and the fair flaxen-haired, large-eyed foolish daughter, who afterward became the Bride.

"He put her to school. In a secret, dark, oppressive, ancient house, he put her to school with a watchful and unscrupulous woman. 'My worthy lady,' he said, 'here is a mind to be formed; will you help me to form it?' She accepted the trust. For which she, too, wanted compensation in Money, and had it.

"The girl was formed in the fear of him, and in the conviction that there was no escape from him. She was taught, from the first, to regard him as her future husband—the man who must marry her—the destiny that overshadowed her—the appointed certainty that could never be evaded. The poor fool was soft white wax in their hands, and took the impression that they put upon her. It hardened with time. It became a part of herself. Inseparable from herself, and only to be torn away from her, by tearing life away from her.

"Eleven years she lived in the dark house and its gloomy garden. He was jealous of the very light and air getting to her, and they kept her close. He stopped the wide chimneys, shaded the little windows, left the strong-stemmed ivy to wander where it would over the house-front, the moss to accumulate on the untrimmed fruit-trees in the red-walled garden, the weeds to overrun its green and yellow walks. He surrounded her with images of sorrow and desolation. He caused her to be filled with fears of the place and of the stories that were told of it, and then on pretext of correcting them, to be left in it in solitude, or made to shrink about it in the dark. When her mind was most depressed and fullest of terrors, then he would come out of one of the hiding-places from which he overlooked her, and present himself as her sole resource.

"Thus, by being from her childhood the one embodiment her life presented to her of power to coerce and power to relieve, power to bind and power to loose, the ascendency over her weakness was secured. She was twenty-one years and twenty-one days old when he brought her home to the gloomy house, his half-witted, frightened, and submissive Bride of three weeks.

"He had dismissed the governess by that time—what he had left to do he could best do alone—and they came back, upon a rainy night, to the scene of her long preparation. She turned to him upon the threshold, as the rain was dripping from the porch, and said:

"'Oh, Sir, it is the Death-watch ticking for me!'

"'Well!' he answered. 'And if it were?'

"'Oh, Sir!' she returned to him, 'look kindly on me, and be merciful to me! I beg your pardon. I will do any thing you wish, if you will only forgive me!'

"That had become the poor fool's constant song: 'I beg your pardon,' and 'Forgive me!'

"She was not worth hating; he felt nothing but contempt for her. But she had long been in the way, and he had long been weary, and the work was near its end, and had to be worked out.

"'You fool,' he said. 'Go up the stairs!'

"She obeyed very quickly, murmuring, 'I will do any thing you wish!' When he came into the Bride's Chamber, having been a little retarded by the heavy fastenings of the great door (for they were alone in the house, and he had arranged that the people who attended on them should come and go in the day), he found her withdrawn to the farthest corner, and there standing pressed against the paneling as if she would have shrunk through it: her flaxen hair all wild about her face, and her large eyes staring at him in vague terror.

"'What are you afraid of? Come and sit down by me.'

"'I will do any thing you wish. I beg your pardon, Sir. Forgive me!' Her monotonous tune as usual.

"'Ellen, here is a writing that you must write out to-morrow, in your own hand. You may as well be seen by others, busily engaged upon it. When you have written it all fairly, and corrected all mistakes, call in any two people there may be about the house, and sign your name to it before them. Then put it in your bosom to keep it safe, and when I sit here again to-morrow night, give it to me.'

"'I will do it all, with the greatest care. I will do any thing you wish.'

"'Don't shake and tremble, then.'

"'I will try my utmost not to do it—if you will only forgive me!'

"Next day she sat down at her desk and did as she had been told. He often passed in and out of the room to observe her, and always saw her slowly and laboriously writing, repeating to herself the words she copied, in appearance quite mechanically, and without caring or endeavoring to comprehend them, so that she did her task. He saw her follow the directions she had received, in all particulars; and at night, when they were alone again in the same Bride's Chamber, and he drew his chair to the hearth, she timidly approached him from her distant seat, took the paper from her bosom, and gave it into his hand.

"It secured all her possessions to him, in the event of her death. He put her before him, face to face, that he might look at her steadily, and he asked her, in so many plain words, neither fewer nor more, did she know that?

"There were spots of ink upon the bosom of her white dress, and they made her face look whiter, and her eyes look larger, as she nodded her head. There were spots of ink upon the hand with which she stood before him, nervously plaiting and folding her white skirts.

"He took her by the arm, and looked her yet more closely and steadily in the face. 'Now die! I have done with you!'

"She shrunk, and uttered a low, suppressed cry.

"'I am not going to kill you. I will not endanger my life for yours. Die!'

"He sat before her in the gloomy Bride's Chamber, day after day, night after night, looking the word at her when he did not utter it. As often as her large, unmeaning eyes were raised from the hands in which she rocked her head to the stern figure sitting with crossed arms and knitted forehead in the chair, they read in it, 'Die!' When she dropped asleep from exhaustion, she was called back to shuddering consciousness by the whisper, 'Die!' When she fell upon her old entreaty to be pardoned, she was answered, 'Die!' When she had out-watched and out-suffered the long night, and the rising sun flamed into the sombre room, she heard it hailed with 'Another day, and not dead? Die!'

"Shut up in the deserted mansion, aloof from all mankind, and engaged alone in such a struggle without any respite, it came to this—that either he must die, or she. He knew it very well, and concentrated his strength against her feebleness. Hours upon hours he held her by the arm, when her arm was black where he held it, and bade her Die!

"It was done upon a windy morning before sunrise. He computed the time to be half past four; but his forgotten watch had run down, and he could not be sure. She had broken away from him in the night, with loud and sudden cries—the first of that kind to which she had given vent—and he had had to put his hands over her mouth. Since then she had been quiet in the corner of the paneling where she had sunk down, and he had left her, and had gone back with his folded arms and his knitted forehead to his chair.

"Paler in the pale light, more colorless than ever in the leaden dawn, he saw her coming, trailing herself along the floor toward him—a white wreck of hair, and dress, and wild eyes, pushing itself on by an irresolute and bending hand.

"'Oh, forgive me! I will do any thing. Oh, Sir, pray tell me I may live!'

"'Die!'

"'Are you so resolved? Is there no hope for me!'

"'Die!'

"Her large eyes strained themselves with wonder and fear; wonder and fear changed to reproach; reproach to blank nothing. It was done. He was not at first so sure it was done, but that the morning sun was hanging jewels in her hair—he saw the diamond, emerald, and ruby glittering among it in little points, as he stood looking down at her—when he lifted her and laid her on her bed.

"She was soon laid in the ground. And now they were all gone, and he had compensated himself well.

"He had a mind to travel. Not that he meant to waste his Money, for he was a pinching man, and liked his Money dearly (liked nothing else, indeed); but that he had grown tired of the desolate house, and wished to turn his back upon it, and have done with it. But the house was worth Money, and Money must not be thrown away. He determined to sell it before he went. That it might look the less wretched, and bring a better price, he hired some laborers to work in the overgrown garden; to cut out the dead wood, trim the ivy that drooped in heavy masses over the windows and gables, and clear the walks, in which the weeds were growing mid-leg high.

"He worked himself along with them. He worked later than they did; and one evening, at dusk, was left working alone, with his bill-hook in his hand—one autumn evening, when the Bride was five weeks dead.

"'It grows too dark to work longer,' he said to himself; 'I must give over for the night.'

"He detested the house, and was loth to enter it. He looked at the dark porch waiting for him like a tomb, and felt that it was an accursed house. Near to the porch, and near to where he stood, was a tree, whose branches waved before the old bay-window of the Bride's Chamber, where it had been done. The tree swung suddenly, and made him start. It swung again, although the night was still. Looking up into it, he saw a figure among the branches.

"It was the figure of a young man. The face looked down as his looked up; the branches cracked and swayed; the figure rapidly descended, and slid upon its feet before him—a slender youth, of about her age, with long light-brown hair.

"'What thief are you?' he said, seizing the youth by the collar.

"The young man, in shaking himself free, swung him a blow with his arm across the face and throat. They closed, but the young man got from him and stepped back, crying, with great eagerness and horror, 'Don't touch me! I would as lieve be touched by the Devil!'

"He stood still, with his bill-hook in his hand, looking at the young man. For the young man's look was the counterpart of her last look, and he had not expected ever to see that again.

"'I am no thief. Even if I were, I would not have a coin of your wealth if it would buy me the Indies. You murderer!'

"'What!'

"'I climbed it,' said the young man, pointing up into the tree, 'for the first time, nigh four years ago. I climbed it to look at her. I saw her—I spoke to her. I have climbed it many a time to watch and listen for her. I was a boy, hidden among its leaves, when, from that bay-window, she gave me this!'

"He showed a tress of flaxen hair, tied with a mourning ribbon.

"'Her life,' said the young man, 'was a life of mourning. She gave me this as a token of it, and a sign that she was dead to every one but you. If I had been older—if I had seen her sooner—I might have saved her from you. But she was fast in the web when I first climbed the tree, and what could I do then to break it!'

"In saying those words he burst into a fit of sobbing and crying—weakly at first, then passionately.

"'Murderer! I climbed the tree on the night when you brought her back. I heard her, from the tree, speak of the Death-watch at the door. I was three times in the tree while you were shut up with her, slowly killing her. I saw her, from the tree, lie dead upon her bed. I have watched you, from the tree, for proofs and traces of your guilt. The manner of it is a mystery to me yet, but I will pursue you until you have rendered up your life to the hangman. You shall never until then be rid of me. I loved her! I can know no relenting toward you. Murderer, I loved her!'

"The youth was bareheaded, his hat having fluttered away in his descent from the tree. He moved toward the gate. He had to pass—Him—to get to it. There was breadth for two old-fashioned carriages abreast; and the youth's abhorrence, openly expressed in every feature of his face and limb of his body, and very hard to bear, had verge enough to keep itself at a distance in. He (by which I mean the other) had not stirred hand or foot since he had stood still to look at the boy. He faced round now to follow him with his eyes. As the back of the bare, light-brown head was turned to him, he saw a red curve stretch from his hand to it. He knew before he threw the bill-hook where it had alighted—I say, had alighted, and not, would alight; for, to his clear perception, the thing was done before he did it. It cleft the head, and it remained there, and the boy lay on his face.

"He buried the body in the night, at the foot of the tree. As soon as it was light in the morning he worked at turning up all the ground near the tree, and hacking and hewing at the neighboring bushes and undergrowth. When the laborers came there was nothing suspicious, and nothing was suspected.

"But he had in a moment defeated all his precautions, and destroyed the triumph of the scheme he had so long concerted, and so successfully worked out. He had got rid of the Bride, and had acquired her fortune without endangering his life; but now, for a death by which he had gained nothing, he had evermore to live with a rope around his neck.

"Beyond this, he was chained to the house of gloom and horror, which he could not endure. Being afraid to sell it or to quit it, lest discovery should be made, he was forced to live in it. He hired two old people, man and wife, for his servants, and dwelt in it, and dreaded it. His great difficulty, for a long time, was the garden—whether he should keep it trim, whether he should suffer it to fall into its former state of neglect, what would be the least likely way of attracting attention to it?

"He took the middle course of gardening, himself, in his evening leisure, and of then calling the old serving-man to help him; but of never letting him work there alone. And he made himself an arbor over against the tree, where he could sit and see that it was safe.

"As the seasons changed, and the tree changed, his mind perceived dangers that were always changing. In the leafy time, he perceived that the upper boughs were growing into the form of the young man—that they made the shape of him exactly, sitting in a forked branch swinging in the wind. In the time of the falling leaves, he perceived that they came down from the tree, forming tell-tale letters on the path, or that they had a tendency to heap themselves into a church-yard mound above the grave. In the winter, when the tree was bare, he perceived that the boughs swung at him the ghost of the blow the young man had given, and that they threatened him openly. In the spring, when the sap was mounting in the trunk, he asked himself, were the dried-up particles of blood mounting with it: to make out more obviously this year than last the leaf-screened figure of the young man, swinging in the wind.

"However, he turned his Money over and over, and still over. He was in the dark trade, the gold-dust trade, and most secret trades that yielded great returns. In ten years he had turned his Money over so many times that the traders and shippers who had dealings with him absolutely did not lie—for once—when they declared that he had increased his fortune Twelve Hundred Per Cent.

"He possessed his riches one hundred years ago, when people could be lost easily. He had heard who the youth was, from hearing of the search that was made after him; but it died away, and the youth was forgotten.

"The annual round of changes in the tree had been repeated ten times since the night of the burial at its foot, when there was a great thunder-storm over this place. It broke at midnight, and raged until morning. The first intelligence he heard from his old serving-man that morning was, that the tree had been struck by Lightning.

"It had been riven down the stem, in a very surprising manner, and the stem lay in two blighted shafts: one resting against the house, and one against a portion of the old red garden wall, in which its fall had made a gap. The fissure went down the tree to a little above the earth, and there stopped. There was great curiosity to see the tree, and, with most of his former fears revived, he sat in his arbor—grown quite an old man—watching the people who came to see it.

"They quickly began to come in such dangerous numbers that he closed his garden-gate and refused to admit any more. But there were certain men of science who traveled from a distance to examine the tree, and, in an evil hour, he let them in—Blight and Murrain on them, let them in!

"They wanted to dig up the ruin by the roots, and closely examine it, and the earth about it. Never, while he lived! They offered money for it. They! Men of science, whom he could have bought by the gross, with a scratch of his pen! He showed them the garden-gate again, and locked and barred it.

"But they were bent on doing what they wanted to do, and they bribed the old serving-man—a thankless wretch who regularly complained, when he received his wages, of being underpaid—and they stole into the garden by night with their lanterns, picks, and shovels, and fell to at the tree. He was lying in a turret-room on the other side of the house (the Bride's Chamber had been unoccupied ever since), but he soon dreamed of picks and shovels, and got up.

"He came to an upper window on that side, whence he could see their lanterns, and them, and the loose earth in a heap which he had himself disturbed and put back, when it was last turned to the air. It was found! They had that minute lighted on it. They were all bending over it. One of them said, 'The skull is fractured;' and another, 'See here the bones;' and another, 'See here the clothes;' and then the first struck in again, and said, 'A rusty bill-hook!'

"He became sensible, next day, that he was already put under a strict watch, and that he could go nowhere without being followed. Before a week was out, he was taken and laid in hold. The circumstances were gradually pieced together against him, with a desperate malignity, and an appalling ingenuity. But, see the justice of men, and how it was extended to him! He was further accused of having poisoned that girl in the Bride's Chamber. He, who had carefully and expressly avoided imperiling a hair of his head for her, and who had seen her die of her own incapacity!

"There was doubt for which of the two murders he should be first tried; but the real one was chosen, and he was found Guilty, and cast for Death. Blood-thirsty wretches! They would have made him guilty of any thing, so set they were upon having his life.

"His money could do nothing to save him, and he was hanged. *I* am He, and I was hanged at Lancaster Castle, with my face to the wall, a hundred years ago!"

At this terrific announcement, Mr. Goodchild tried to rise and cry out. But the two fiery lines, extending from the old man's eyes to his own, kept him down, and he could not utter a sound. His sense of hearing, however, was acute, and he could hear the clock strike Two. No sooner had he heard the clock strike Two than he saw before him Two old men!

Two.

The eyes of each, connected with his eyes by two films of fire: each, exactly like the other: each, addressing him at precisely one and the same instant: each, gnashing the same teeth in the same head, with the same twitched nostril above them, and the same suffused expression around it. Two old men. Differing in nothing, equally distinct to the sight, the copy no fainter than the original, the second as real as the first.

"At what time," said the Two old men, "did you arrive at the door below?"

"At Six."

"And there were Six old men upon the stairs!"

Mr. Goodchild having wiped the perspiration from his brow, or tried to do it, the Two old men proceeded in one voice, and in the singular number:

"I had been anatomized, but had not yet had my skeleton put together and re-hung on an iron hook, when it began to be whispered that the Bride's Chamber was haunted. It *was* haunted, and I was there.

"*We* were there. She and I were there. I, in the chair upon the hearth; she, a white wreck again, trailing itself toward me on the floor. But I was the speaker no more. She was the sole speaker now, and the one word that she said to me from midnight until dawn was 'Live!'

"The youth was there, likewise. In the tree outside the window. Coming and going in the moonlight, as the tree bent and gave. He has, ever since, been there; peeping in at me in my torment; revealing to me by snatches, in the pale lights and slaty shadows where he comes and goes, bareheaded—a bill-hook, standing edgewise in his hair.

"In the Bride's Chamber, every night, from midnight until dawn—one month in the year excepted, as I am going to tell you—he hides in the tree, and she comes toward me on the floor; always approaching; never coming nearer; always visible as if by moonlight, whether the moon shines or no; always saying, from midnight until dawn, her one word, 'Live!'

"But in the month wherein I was forced out of this life—this present month of thirty days—the Bride's Chamber is empty and quiet. Not so my old dungeon. Not so the rooms where I was restless and afraid, ten years. Both are fitfully haunted then. At One in the morning, I am what you saw me when the clock struck that hour—One old man. At Two in the morning, I am Two old men. At Three, I am Three. By twelve at noon, I am Twelve old men. One for every hundred per cent. of old gain. Every one of the Twelve, with Twelve times my old power of suffering and agony. From that hour until Twelve at night, I, Twelve old men in anguish and fearful foreboding, wait for the coming of the executioner. At Twelve at night, I, Twelve old men turned off, swing invisible outside Lancaster Castle, with Twelve faces to the wall!

"When the Bride's Chamber was first haunted, it was known to me that this punishment would never cease, until I could make its nature, and my story, known to two living men together. I waited for the coming of two living men together into the Bride's Chamber, years upon years. It was infused into my knowledge (of the means I am ignorant) that if two living men, with their eyes open, could be in the Bride's Chamber at One in the morning, they would see me sitting in my chair.

"At length, the whispers that the room was spiritually troubled, bro't two men to try the adventure. I was scarcely struck upon the hearth at midnight (I come there as if the Lightning blasted me into being), when I heard them ascending the stairs. Next, I saw them enter. One of them was a bold, gay, active man, in the prime of life, some five-and-forty years of age; the other, a dozen years younger. They brought provisions with them in a basket, and bottles. A young woman accompanied them, with wood and coals for the lighting of the fire. When she had lighted it, the bold, gay, active man accompanied her along the gallery outside the room, to see her safely down the stair-case, and came back laughing.

"He locked the door, examined the chamber, put out the contents of the basket on the table before the fire—little recking of me, in my appointed station on the hearth, close to him—and filled the glasses, and ate and drank. His companion did the same, and was as cheerful and confident as he: though he was the leader. When they had supped, they laid pistols on the table, turned to the fire, and began to smoke their pipes of foreign make.

"They had traveled together, and had an abundance of subjects in common. In the midst of their talking and laughing, the younger man made a reference to the leader's being always ready for any adventure; that one, or any other. He replied in these words:

"'Not quite so, Dick; if I am afraid of nothing else, I am afraid of myself.'

"His companion seeming to grow a little dull, asked him in what sense? How?

"'Why, thus,' he returned. 'Here is a Ghost to be disproved. Well! I can not answer for what my fancy might do if I were alone here, or what tricks my senses might play with me if they had me to themselves. But in company with another man, and especially with you, Dick, I would consent to outface all the Ghosts that were ever told of in the universe.'

"'I had not the vanity to suppose that I was of such great importance to-night,' said the other.

"'Of so much,' rejoined the leader, more seriously than he had spoken yet, 'that I would, for the reason I have given, on no account have undertaken to pass the night here alone.'

"It was within a few minutes of One. The head of the younger man had drooped when he made his last remark, and it drooped lower now.

"'Keep awake, Dick!' said the leader, gayly. 'The small hours are the worst.'

"He tried, but his head drooped again.

"'Dick!' urged the leader, 'keep awake!'

"'I can't,' he indistinctly muttered. 'I don't know what strange influence is stealing over me. I can't.'

"His companion looked at him with a sudden horror, and I, in my different way, felt a new horror also; for it was on the stroke of One, and I felt that the second watcher was yielding to me, and that the curse was upon me that I must send him to sleep.

"'Get up and walk, Dick!' cried the leader. 'Try!'

"It was in vain to go behind the slumberer's chair and shake him. One o'clock sounded, and I was present to the elder man, and he stood transfixed before me.

"To him alone, I was obliged to relate my story, without hope of benefit. To him alone, I was an awful phantom making a quite useless confession. I foresee it will ever be the same. The two living men together will never come to release me. When I appear, the senses of one of the two will be locked in sleep; he will neither see nor hear me; my communication will ever be made to a solitary listener, and will ever be unserviceable. Woe! Woe! Woe!"

As the Two old men, with these words, wrung their hands, it shot into Mr. Goodchild's mind that he was in the terrible situation of being virtually alone with the spectre, and that Mr. Idle's immovability was explained by his having been charmed asleep at One o'clock. In the terror of this sudden discovery which produced an indescribable dread, he struggled so hard to get free from the four fiery threads that he snapped them, after he pulled them out to a great width. Being then out of bonds, he caught up Mr. Idle from the sofa and rushed down stairs with him.

"What are you about, Francis?" demanded Mr. Idle. "My bedroom is not down here. What the deuce are you carrying me at all for? I can walk with a stick now. I don't want to be carried. Put me down."

Mr. Goodchild put him down in the old hall, and looked about him wildly.

"What are you doing? Idiotically plunging at your own sex, and rescuing them or perishing in the attempt?" asked Mr. Idle, in a highly petulant state.

"The One old man!" cried Mr. Goodchild, distractedly, "and the Two old men!"

Mr. Idle deigned no other reply than "The One old woman, I think you mean," as he began hobbling his way back up the stair-case, with the assistance of its broad balustrade.

"I assure you, Tom," began Mr. Goodchild, attending at his side, "that since you fell asleep—"

"Come, I like that!" said Thomas Idle, "I haven't closed an eye!"

With the peculiar sensitiveness on the subject of the disgraceful action of going to sleep out of bed, which is the lot of all mankind, Mr. Idle persisted in this declaration. The same peculiar sensitiveness impelled Mr. Goodchild, on being taxed with the same crime, to repudiate it with honorable resentment. The settlement of the question of The One old man and The Two old men was thus presently complicated, and soon made quite impracticable. Mr. Idle said it was all Bride-cake, and fragments, newly arranged, of things seen and thought about in the day. Mr. Goodchild said how could that be, when he hadn't been asleep, and what right could Mr. Idle have to say so, who had been asleep? Mr. Idle said he had never been asleep, and never did go to sleep, and that Mr. Goodchild, as a general rule, was always asleep. They consequently parted for the rest of the night, at their bedroom doors, a little ruffled. Mr. Goodchild's last words were, that he had had, in that real and tangible old sitting-room of that real and tangible old Inn (he supposed Mr. Idle denied its existence?), every sensation and experience, the present record of which is now within a line or two of completion; and that he would write it out and print it every word. Mr. Idle returned that he might if he liked—and he did like, and has now done it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MR. THACKERAY is now nearly fifty years old. He was born in India, where his father held an important and lucrative situation under government; but dying while his son was about five or six years old, the boy was presently brought to England, which has since been his home. In one of his lectures upon the Georges he speaks of seeing Napoleon, when the ship that was bringing him from India stopped at St. Helena. His attendant seemed to regard the great Emperor as "old Bogey" rather than Boney, and to have had the most wholesome fear of him, although the great man probably did no more than stand in his military surtout, fold his arms, and look at him. But any man might be glad to have even a childish recollection of Bonaparte at St. Helena.

Thackeray's early Indian associations constantly manifest themselves in his books. In "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes," Mr. Jos. Sedley, the Begum, and Colonel Newcome, all—so to speak—smell of bamboo and camphor-trunks. And the picture is all the more interesting because the Indian merchant, with his enormous lacs and liver, is one of the conspicuous objects of English society during the last century.

Nobody knows much about Thackeray's early life. Even Horne's *Spirit of the Age*, published in 1843, does not mention his name, although it has room for the names of gentlemen who are now forgotten. But in one of the author-portraits of *Fraser's Magazine* there is a group of the leading writers in that periodical called "Our Contributors," and there you may see the head which we present to you this week, a score of years younger, perhaps, but with the same clear, penetrating expression—as of a mind on the scent—and the same unshrinking sincerity and broad humor—a Saxon Rabelais.

He had money when he was a young man, and spent it freely. The scenes of "fast life" scattered through all his stories are leaves out of his own experience and observation. He has "seen life," as we say, much more than most men. Nor has he seen it as an amateur and critic only, but with the heartiness of natural sympathy. Thackeray, like Fielding and Goldsmith and Steele, whom he so warmly admires and so touchingly characterizes, is a *Bohemian*—a man who loves a spice of lawlessness in life, and before whose sarcastic smile the "proprieties"—those hollow masks of impropriety—are sure to fly.

There is a story in *Lady Blessington's Memoirs* which is perfectly characteristic of Thackeray. Lady Blessington, who tried to be a London Madame de Staël, and to make her residence at Gore House a London *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, left London with Count d'Orsay, the husband of her daughter, for Paris. She left every thing behind; the furniture, the books, the pictures, and all the *virtu* (!) in Gore House. It was a charming spot. Willis, in his earlier letters from Europe, describes it in its very best days, when Bulwer sat in the bow-window looking into the park—when Disraeli, profusely jeweled, lounged, like an Emir of the Lebanon, on luxurious cushions, under heavy curtains—and little Tommy Moore, his face chirping in advance, came sliding up the room "with the air of a man entirely at home the moment his foot touched a carpet." It was, in fact, a sort of chapel-of-ease to Holland House. In the stately rooms of the latter—where the grave ghost of Addison yet dictated severe laws of behavior—questions of politics and state were earnestly discussed by the most eminent Whigs in England; but in the more sumptuous saloons of Gore House the company was younger, equally brilliant, but less select, and over all the revels reigned a Queen who was as fondly flattered (see Willis *passim*) as ever was Elizabeth by her courtiers.

But still one easily fancies the gay evenings—the fine dinners—the sweet songs of Tommy Moore in the twilight—the easy tears of pretty women, reclining on fauteuils, and luxuriously listening—the dances—the whispers—the flirtations—the carnival of youth and beauty; time and care excluded by sparkling thoughtlessness, as the darkness and cold were shut out by the thick, rich, crimson hangings. One sees the feast of Epicurus, and hears the ring of glasses and the sweet singing, and understands how softly the blinded hours slipped by.

Suddenly Cleopatra rose and fled, and the revel at Gore House was changed into an auction. The old *habitués* of the circle came to look their last—to buy cheap, perhaps—and the French valet, writing about the sale afterward to my lady in Paris, describes the crowd, the eagerness, the confusion, and adds: "Mr. Thackeray came also, and there were tears in his eyes as he went away. He is, perhaps, the only person whom I have seen really affected at your departure."

Now the great satirist may have had a cold in his head, or the breath of the crowd may have made a mist upon his spectacles; but it is also just possible that he has a human heart in his bosom.

He wrote a great while before he was much heard of. Men among us who read English magazines and books learned, about fifteen or eighteen years ago, the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, a sobriquet which is very humorous when you consider Thackeray's Michael-Angelesque nose, his immense person—for he is considerably more than six feet high—and the Titanic force and vigor with which he assaults what are apt to be considered the little things of society. These two extremes of size and treatment, personal as well as intellectual, are humorously contrasted in the name by which he was first recognized as an independent talent in English literature. Before *Fraser* he wrote papers for a literary journal, and painted pictures in Paris, half meaning and hoping to be a painter; then he wrote literary articles in the London *Times*, one upon Fielding being the germ of his lecture upon that author.

He was among the early contributors to *Punch*, in which the "Snob Papers," and "Jeames's Diary," and "Punch's Prize Novelists," and many of his best minor works were published. The "Yellowplush Papers" appeared in *Fraser*, in 1841, but it was not until the publication of "Vanity Fair," the preface of which is dated June 28, 1848, and for which he could with difficulty find a publisher in London bold enough to undertake it, that Thackeray arose to a general European and American reputation. Previous to this his works may be called sketches, or, more properly, studies for his larger pictures; for not only are the novels full of the same general spirit and qualities, but the same persons frequently reappear. As a pure novelist—or delineator of living manners—Thackeray is by far the greatest since Smollett, although, of course, his genius has a scope and power, and his style a compact elegance, of which the historian of "Roderick Random" has no trace.

When Thackeray began to write Scott was dead, and Dickens was just beginning. Carlyle was

spitting fire at "flunkeys," and "shams," and "red tape;" but the great mass of English readers did not attend to him. Those who did not think him full of German affectations and nonsense, supposed him to be queer and dyspeptic, and Carlyle had his first appreciation in America. The novels of England, twenty years ago, believed in silver forks and old families. They do still, many of them, but more moderately. The Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves, did and do kiss the dust before Lord Thomas Noddy; and this spirit, which happens to be as old as man, was called at that time Snobbery, and upon all kinds of snobbery descended Thackeray with his tomahawk. He gave the soul of the flunkey no rest. The "Paris Sketch-book," the "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," showed up the snob traveling; the "Luck of Barry Lyndon," and the tremendous adventures of "Major O'Gahagan," outbragged the Irish snob; the "Rebecca and Rowena," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," and a cloud more of sketches, rained fire upon the great flat plain of snobbery; and considering Bulwer to be the arch-snob in literature, Thackeray planted his batteries before him, and poured in upon Sir Edward an endless cannonade of sarcasm and humor.

There has been no such continuous and brilliant satire in English literature since Pope and Swift, and it is a thousand times nobler than theirs. Swift was half crazy, and Pope was wholly selfish in his sarcasm; but there is a manly and generous indignation throbbing under Thackeray's satire, like the sea heaving under the driving foam of its surface. A dangerous and universal Democrat, he laughed at a pusillanimous literature, and shot with splendid scorn imbecile royalty and an ignoble aristocracy.

He has made enemies, of course, by this career. All Ireland abhors him. It has never forgiven the "Irish Sketch-book," and the irresistible ballads, and Captain Costigan. Ireland pursues him in print with relentless acrimony. It calls him the snobbiest of snobs—a grinning surgeon flourishing a scalpel—a faded beau—a Cockney—a pretender. Ireland is always brandishing a shillelah about the head of Thackeray, and Thackeray spits Ireland upon his colossal contempt.

There is a large party also which cries out that Thackeray is a cynic, and a cold-hearted critic; that all the men he draws are knaves, and all his women fools. Alas! the same thing has been said a hundred times of Dickens. Let us dethrone them both, naughty men! and betake ourselves to the virtuous Bulwer, the Shakspearian James, and the amiable society of ladies who knit stockings and novels indiscriminately.

Spite of Ireland and the critics, it is the truth that Dickens and Thackeray are now the great English novelists, and all the literary ladies are perpetually asking a man which he prefers.—"Madame, I have two pear-trees in my garden; one is the *Duchesse*, the other is the *Flemish Beauty*; I am happy to say that each is better than the other."

Dickens makes an irresistible impression of genius, and of the most affluent, sympathetic, humorous, and humane genius. His novels are panoramic peeps into the world, they are so crowded with figures. But he is constantly mastered by his own power, and fascinated by his own creations. He takes fancies, and fights battles against himself. He makes a man's nose which is funny, and he pulls it out half an inch farther, for pure fun. This girl is a dear good little girl, and she shall be an angelic little Nell, so she shall. The result is, that his stories have an air of caricature—an invincible grotesqueness. It is not quite the thing, we know, but it is perfectly recognizable, and a good deal better than the thing. It is fantastic, but its spirit is true. "Little Mother" is an exquisite exaggeration. There never was one, but, good Heavens! there might so easily be one.

Thackeray impresses you less with this exuberant revel of genius. His range is more limited, but it is more perfect. He does not write stories—he daguerreotypes life. You do not like it? Very likely. But Shakspeare did the same thing; and, since Shakspeare, no man has more truly "held the mirror up to nature" than Thackeray. In his sublime carelessness of consistency—and apparent consistency is always unnatural—he seems to be the one of all authors who takes life precisely as he finds it. If he finds it sad, he makes it sad; if gay, gay. You discover in him the flexible adaptability of Horace, but with a deep and consuming sadness which the Roman never knew, and which, in the Englishman, sometimes seems to be almost sentimentality. The feeling of Fate which impresses all sensitive minds with a kind of hopelessness constantly reveals itself upon his page, like the cadence of a minor theme through all the instrumentation. He lingers with yearning fondness over old scenes—over the memory of old friends and companions dead long ago. A smile trembles on his lip, but a tear glistens in his eye.

"Come, friends," he seems to say, "life is short; let us sing while we may, and pass the bottle. What is ambition—what is fame? In a world where Martin Farquhar Tupper goes into the thirtieth edition, let us all think small beer of ourselves."

But this sadness is not soiled with any sneer at noble effort. "Only," he would say, "don't pretend to be finer than you are. If you loved Julia yesterday, and love Jane to-day, why not say so? why try to hush it up with talk about never truly loving before?" and then, with fond, sad ridicule, a thin icing of worldly wisdom over longing human sympathy and tenderness, he sings:

"Gillian's dead, God rest her bier!
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, and I sit here
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine!"

This is not a *carpe diem* cynicism; it is a wistful heart jesting with its own emotion. It is the same heart which is so revolted when Deuceace strikes his wife that he crucifies him in a comedy more terrible than tragedy—the same heart that says, with simple sincerity,

"Stranger, I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

Thackeray is just beginning a new novel, "The Virginians," of which the first number will appear in *Harper's Magazine* for *December*. To-day we present him as he might look if he were reading us the first chapter, and as so many remember him as he lifted his head with dry humor when he had said a good thing in a lecture. The opening is calm and beautiful, colored brightly, but with all the mellow tone of an old picture. Let nobody be dissuaded from reading the story in the serial form. Remember how little likely you are to take it up when it has grown into an enormous volume, and how readily, with the after-dinner cigar—if you are a wretched bachelor—and how delightfully in the home-circle—if you are a fortunate family man—you can read it month by month.

RETRENCHING.

THE Times are not exactly sunny;
My friends all swear they've got no money,
And each one croaks like Rudge's raven,
And grimly goes with chin unshaven;
And if you want a V to borrow,
They look at you with bankrupt horror,
And say they are "retrenching."

They are. There's Jones, that artless sinner
Who told me he'd cut off his dinner;
Yet still he takes his usual tipple,
His morning gin, his cocktails triple;
Still does he chew his filthy ration,
Still does he smoke his long "plantation,"
And this he calls "retrenching!"

There's Snooks, who swears with comic choler
He lives upon a daily dollar;
But quite forgets Jack Coopay's party
At which he "suffered" at *ecarté*;
Nor recollects the game of Faro
He played with Count Lillibullero—
And this he calls "retrenching!"

There's Brown, who takes you clean-swept crossing
To save his boots' immaculate glossing;
But when the sweeper, thin and tattered,
Whose care prevents his being spattered,
Implores from him the usual penny,
Brown swears (he lies) he hasn't any—
And this he calls "retrenching!"

There's Mrs. Ararat—deuce take her!—
She clips upon her poor dress-maker;
Insists on paying quarter prices
Because, she says, "there's such a crisis!"
And drives the girl—well, only Heaven
Can tell to *what* she may be driven
By what is called "retrenching!"

What *is* "retrenching?" that's the question—
Problem difficult of digestion;
For I have found that ev'ry she or he
Lays down a widely different theory.
Here's mine—wrought out with extra labor—
"Preaching economy to your neighbor
Is what is called retrenching."

A TOUCHING (AND TOUCHED) CHARACTER.

SOME few years ago the reading-room of the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, was frequented by a personage whose quaint costume could not fail to attract the notice of every visitor. Dressed from top to toe in a close-fitting garb of red, or blue, or yellow, cloth, with the grand cordon of some unknown order of knighthood around his neck, and his hat adorned with artificial flowers, bright beads, and tinsel ornaments of every description, the strangely-accoutred student would sit all day long in one particular place, with his head bent over his book, apparently rapt in the subject before him. He was a man past middle life, his hair and beard were gray, and his countenance, which had evidently once been handsome, bore traces of long and deep suffering, in the furrows with which it was plentifully seamed. The curiosity excited by the singularity of his dress could not fail to be increased by the ineffable sorrow expressed in his face; and if any one, interested by his appearance, inquired who he was, he probably obtained no other answer than this: "It is Carnevale."

Indeed, Carnevale's history was so well known to the *habitués* of the library, that they thought no further answer was necessary; but if the inquirer pursued his questions, he might have heard the following account of him:

Carnevale was an Italian, of a highly respectable family in Naples. He came to Paris about the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six, young, handsome, and well provided with money. With these advantages he had no difficulty in getting into society, and was received with open arms by his fellow-countrymen resident in the French capital. Suddenly, however, he disappeared; his friends lost sight of him; no one knew why or whither he had gone, until some time afterward it was discovered that he had fallen passionately in love, and had sought solitude in order to enjoy undisturbed the sweet society of the mistress of his affections. But his happiness was of short duration; the lady died, and her death robbed poor Carnevale not only of all that was dearest to him on earth, but of his reason, too.

When he had in some degree recovered from the first violence of the shock, he went daily to pray and weep at her tomb. The watchman at the cemetery noticed that, at every visit, he took a paper, folded in the shape of a letter, from his pocket, and placed it under the stone. This was communicated to Carnevale's friends, one of whom went to the grave, and found five letters hidden there: one for each day since her burial. The last was to this effect, though it is impossible to render in a translation all the pathetic grace of the original Italian:

DEAREST,—You do not answer my letters, and yet you know that I love you. Have you forgotten me amidst the occupations of the other land? It would be unkind—very unkind—if you had. But now, for five days—five long days—I have waited for news of you. I can not sleep, or if I close my eyes for an instant, it is to dream of you.

Why did you not leave me your address? I would have sent you your clothes and trinkets. . . . But no! do not send for them: for pity's sake, leave them with me. I have arranged them on chairs, and I fancy you are in the next room, and that you will soon come in and dress yourself. Besides, these things, which you have worn, spread a perfume through my little room; and so I am happy when I come in.

I wish I had your portrait, very well done, very much like you, so as to be able to compete with the other—for I have one already. It is in my eyes, and it can never change. Whether I shut my eyes, or open them, I see you always. . . Ah, my darling! how skillful is the great artist who has left me this portrait.

Farewell, dearest! Write to me to-morrow, or to-day, if you can. If you are very busy, I will not ask you for a page, or even for a line—only three words. Tell me only that you love me. CARNEVALE.

His friend, imagining that he was suffering from an illusive melancholy which every day would tend to decrease, requested the watchman to take away the letters as Carnevale brought them; but the result was not as he anticipated. On finding that his love did not send him any reply, Carnevale fell into a state of gloomy despair; after having written thirty letters, he ceased his visits to the cemetery.

It was about this time that, as he walked along the Boulevards, he saw a variety of bright colored clothes displayed in a draper's window. He smiled at seeing them, and, entering the shop, purchased several yards of each sort of cloth. A week afterward, he appeared in the streets in a complete suit of red; hat, coat, waistcoat, trowsers, and shoes, all red, and of a fantastic cut. A crowd soon gathered around him, and he returned home with at least five hundred idlers at his heels. The next day, he came out in a yellow suit; the day after, in a suit of sky-blue; each day he was followed by a fresh crowd; but, ere long the Parisians became familiar with the eccentricity of his attire, and none but strangers turned to gaze at him. It was noticed, however, that he varied his dress from day to day, not in any regular succession, but capriciously, and as if in accordance with his frame of mind.

During the revolution of July, eighteen hundred and thirty, his strange costume nearly proved fatal to him. As he took no interest in passing events, never conversing with any one, and never reading a newspaper, he was perfectly unaware of what was occurring, and had no idea that Paris was in a state of revolution. On the twenty-eighth of July, as he was walking along the quays, he fell in with a band of insurgents from the faubourgs, who, not being familiar with his appearance and being misled by the cordon round his neck, took him for a foreign prince, and were going to throw him into the Seine. He was fortunately recognized by a cab-driver, who explained who he was, and obtained his liberation. It was with great difficulty that Carnevale was brought to understand that Paris was in uproar, and that his gay habiliments had brought him into peril of his life; but when, the next day, he once more put on black clothes, he relapsed into his former sadness. He felt his brain grow disturbed; he remembered with painful acuteness the death of his love; he was conscious that, day by day, his reason was abandoning him. As soon as he found this was the case, he betook himself, of his own accord, to the hospital at Bicètre, and remained there for some time, under treatment. The physicians were amazed to hear a madman reason as calmly as he did about his condition.

"Send for my colored clothes," said he one day. His request was complied with; and as soon as he had put on his red suit he resumed his former gayety.

"It was the black clothes," he said, "that made me ill. I can not endure black. You are all very foolish to sacrifice to so ugly a fashion. You always look as if you were going to a funeral. For my part, when I am very joyful I put on my red suit; it becomes me so well—and, besides, my friends know what it means. When they see me in red, they say:

"'Carnevale is in a very good-humor to-day.'

"When I am not in such good spirits, I put on my yellow suit; that looks very nice also. And when I am a little melancholy, and the sun does not shine very brightly, I put on my blue clothes."

When he left the hospital, finding that his fortune was somewhat diminished, Carnevale determined to add to his means by giving lessons in Italian. He soon obtained a number of pupils—for his story became known, and gained him many friends. His manner of teaching, too, was excellent; he never scolded his pupils, or gave them impositions. If they knew their lessons well, he would promise to come next time in his apple-green dress; but if he were dissatisfied with them, he would say:

"Ah! I shall be obliged to come to-morrow in my coffee-colored suit."

Thus he rewarded and punished his pupils always, and he could easily do it, for he had more than sixty suits, each of one color throughout, all ticketed and hung up, with the greatest care, in a room which he allowed no one to enter but himself.

His circle of acquaintance, toward the end of his life, became very large. His gentle manners and harmless eccentricities made him welcome every where. At the Neapolitan embassy he was a constant guest, and with the artistes of the Italian Theatre he was a special favorite. Though not rich, his income more than sufficed his moderate wants, and he gave away a great deal in charity. No poor Italian ever applied to him in vain for assistance; many have owed success to his zealous recommendation of them to his influential friends. He delighted in being of service.

His habits were very simple. Every morning he rose at five o'clock from the leathern arm-chair in which he slept; for he would not sleep in a bed. After a visit to the fish-market, to make purchases for his friends, he would return home, and prepare with his own hands a dish of potatoes for his breakfast. His day was spent with his pupils, or at the library, and ended with a walk on the Boulevards. In walking, if he met any one he knew, he would take his arm, and enter into a long conversation about Italy, music, or some other favorite topic; and he would fancy that the person whom he had thus casually encountered was Bellini, Napoleon, Malibran, or some equally illustrious deceased. This hallucination was a source of great pleasure to him: it was in vain to tell him that Napoleon, Malebran, and Bellini were dead. "They are dead to you, I admit," he would answer, "but not to me. I am endowed with senses that you do not possess. I assure you they are not dead; they love me, and frequent my company."

Poor Carnevale! May the sun shine brightly on his grave!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

AN editor who was very short of traveling funds sat upon a saw-horse for an imaginary journey in the country, and wrote letters home for his paper.

"Good-morning, Jones, how does the world use you?"
"It uses me up, thank you."

A Down-East poet thus immortalizes the beautiful river Connecticut:

"Roll on, loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran, giving shad to old Hartford and freedom to man!"

Fourteen years ago, a French officer, while fighting against the Arabs, was struck by a ball in the eye. A few weeks ago he had a slight attack of apoplexy, which shook him greatly, and a few nights afterward he was awakened from his sleep by a sense of suffocation. Jumping up, he found that the ball had, by degrees, worked its way down, and had at last fallen from the upper part of his mouth into his throat. By violent efforts he succeeded in dislodging it, and he is now doing well. The ball, though diminished by corrosion, was found to weigh about four-fifths of an ounce.

Many of our readers will remember the Philadelphia duel some dozen years ago, in which both combatants were wounded, and which gave rise to the following ingenious

EPIGRAM

"ON A LATE DUEL."

Schott and Willing did engage
In duel fierce and hot;
Schott shot Willing willingly,
And Willing he shot Schott.

The shot Schott shot made Willing quite
A spectacle to see;
While Willing's willing shot went right
Through Schott's anatomy.

An old lady of our acquaintance believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment.

When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate, he visited Frontier County, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defense. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defense was "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the defense with great ability. He confused the witnesses, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent, and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pistol. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval in the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside. "My dear Sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect even to see you again; but to show you that I appreciate your service, *you shall have the pistol!*" So saying, he drew from his pocket and presented to the astonished attorney the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

A distinguished European chemist in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railway bridge over the Menai Straits in England, four hundred feet long, bent but half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will bend up an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line when the sun shines on it for some hours. He stated that the Bunker Hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day. The little sunbeams enter the pores of the stone like so many wedges, lifting it up.

Sing a song of specie,
Gotham all awry,
Seven and fifty Bank birds
Knocked into pi.
When the Banks were opened,
The Cashiers tried to sing;
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To send to Gov'nor King?

The King was up at Albany,
Fighting off the brokers;
The cashiers were in Wall Street,
Working hard as stokers;
Presidents were shinning
Up and down the street,
Out rushed a *Brown* bear,
And knocked them off their feet.

Hark! hark! the Banks do bark,
The brokers have come to town,
Some with "bags," and some with "rags,"
To hunt the specie down.

There was a man in our town
Who was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into the Barbary coast,
And drew out his supplies.
And when he got his specie out,
With all his might and main
He rushed into another bank
And concluded that, all things considered, he might as well deposit it again.

A horrible scene (says the *Wezer Gazette*) took place at Hanover a few days ago, on the occasion of an execution. Not only did a large crowd, many of them carrying bottles of brandy, assemble and commit gross excesses, but a number of individuals subject to epilepsy rushed to the scaffold at the moment the criminal's head fell to drink the blood, the popular belief being that it is a cure for epilepsy, and the executioner readily gave it to them!

Not long since, our friend B——, of Mobile, was on a visit to Look-Out Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with the fact that a fine jet of water was thrown up above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accosted—in his accustomed polite and rather precise way—a plain countryman, with—

"My friend, is this water forced up by a *ram?*"—meaning, of course, the hydraulic contrivance so named.

"Ram!" exclaimed the countryman.

"I *say* ram!"

"No, Sir. It's a derned big MULE, and hard work at that. Come here and I will show him to you."

To keep skippers out of bacon in the summer, eat it in the early spring.

Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had hotch-potch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor. "Then, pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."

"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Roche to a talkative person who was constantly suiting the action to the word, as he sat next him at dinner. "Indeed, my lord," replied the babbler, "we are so crowded at table that I do not know where to put my hand. "Place it upon your mouth," said the Prince.

When Mrs. Macaulay published a pamphlet called "Loose Thoughts," several ladies who happened to be in company with Foote, reprobated the title as very improper for a woman. "Not at all, ladies; the sooner a woman *gets rid of such thoughts the better!*"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 16, 1857.

THE foreign trade of the port during the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Nov. 14, 1857	$2,846,058	$2,111,469
Corresponding week, 1856	2,455,919	1,493,364
Increase	$380,139	$618,105

Of specie exported there was some $700,000, chiefly sent out in the *Persia*, against which the *Arabia* brought $1,150,000. As the Sub-treasury continues to disburse more than it receives, and as the interior is still tributary to New York in respect of specie, it is expected that the banks will show this evening the unprecedented amount of eighteen millions in gold, with the *St. Louis* due from California, and the *Ariel* from England, with $1,570,000 between them.

Exchange continues to rule below the specie exporting rate, 107 @ 107½ being the last figures quoted for the *Arago*. Under these circumstances it is expected that the banks here will go on accumulating till the reserve exceeds twenty millions. Money is necessarily very abundant, the supply of first-class paper having fallen off, loans on call are made as low as five per cent. Stocks continue to rise; the average rise in State, and the best railway securities from the lowest point of depression is equal to twenty-five per cent.

On and after 19th inst., the circulation of the Country Banks will be redeemed as usual by the Metropolitan Bank at ½ per cent discount after one day's notice.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, November* 16, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets opened vigorously and buoyantly, but closed tamely and languidly for Breadstuffs, the past week. The receipts from the interior were heavy, and, with the unfavorable news by the *Arabia*, injured the trade. The export demand fell off considerably, and home dealers purchased rather sparingly. The available stocks, however, are moderate for the season, and they can hardly be much increased before the suspension of inland navigation, which may occur prior to the end of the present month. Hence, the confidence of the leading sellers, in at least the maintenance of prevailing rates, appears unshaken....Cotton is arriving, and selling a little more freely at advancing prices....The receipts at all the shipping ports to latest dates this season have been 293,158 bales, against 539,358 bales to the corresponding period of last season. The total exports from the United States so far this season have been 144,699 bales, against 131,473 bales to the same date last season. The total stock on hand and shipboard in all the shipping ports, at the latest dates, was 193,372 bales, against 370,068 bales at the same time last year. The stock in the interior towns at the latest dates was 33,432 bales, against 78,140 bales at the corresponding date a year ago....Provisions have been generally less freely offered, and, as they have been in fair request, prices have favored factors, save for Butter and Cheese, which tended downward, depressed by accumulating supplies, in the absence of the usual inquiry. The British Government contracts for Pork and Beef have been partially secured by New York and Philadelphia packers ....The Grocery Trade presented no really new features ....Coffee, Teas, and Rice were lightly dealt in, though buyers had any existing advantage. Sugars and Molasses were in good demand, at, however, rather lower prices....Hay was active and firm....Hemp, Hops, Grass Seeds, Tobacco, and Wool were very quiet, and nominal in value....No remarkable movement occurred in other commodities....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles;

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 80	@	$5 25
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	$4 80	@	$5 30
Extra Western Flour, per barrel....	$5 10	@	$8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel.	$5 35	@	$7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel.........	$5 00	@	$6 65
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel.	$5 10	@	$7 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	$3 50	@	$4 75
Buckwheat Flour, per barrel........	$5 50	@	—
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	$3 50	@	$3 75
White Wheat, per bushel..........	$1 16	@	$1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel............	95	@	$1 35
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel....	79	@	80
Rye, per bushel....................	75	@	—
Barley, per bushel.................	72½	@	90
Western Oats, per bushel..........	45	@	47
State Oats, per bushel.............	43	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel..	37	@	42
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	35	@	40
White Beans, per bushel...........	$1 60	@	$1 70
Cotton, middlings, per pound.......	13	@	13½
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	$19 60	@	$19 75
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	$16 50	@	$17 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel......	$9 50	@	$10 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.....	$6 00	@	$7 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce........	$22 00	@	$25 00
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	$14 00	@	$17 00
Lard, per pound...................	12	@	13
State Butter, per pound...........	15	@	25
Western Butter, per pound.........	12	@	17
Cheese, per pound.................	6	@	8
North River Hay, bales, per 100 lbs	50	@	70
New Hops, per pound..............	5	@	8
Clover Seed, per pound............	10	@	—
Am. Rough Flaxseed, per bushel...	$1 25	@	—
Rice, per 100 pounds..............	$2 50	@	$3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound.............	9½	@	11
Cuba Sugar, per pound............	5	@	8½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon.........	19	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound............	33	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound...........	35	@	60
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds..	$3 25	@	$3 50
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon......	42	@	—
Tar, per barrel....................	$1 50	@	$2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds.....	$1 35	@	$1 40
Domestic Whisky, per gallon.......	23	@	23½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound......	7½	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound......	13	@	35
Tallow, per pound.................	9½	@	9½

Freights opened with much animation at rising rates, but closed quite heavily. For Liverpool—Cotton ¼ @ 3-16 per pound; Flour, 2s. @ 2s. 3d. per barrel; Grain, 8 @ 9d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. @ 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 5s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods. 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 709.

The Live Stock Markets were much depressed last Wednesday by the urgency of owners to sell, while the available supplies were largely in excess of the requirements of buyers. The reported receipts during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Nov. 4.	Week ending Nov. 11.
Beeves	3,433	3,978
Milch Cows	228	171
Veal Calves	419	471
Sheep and Lambs	11,148	11,007
Swine	2,142	5,640

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	942	Indiana	201
Ohio	763	Virginia	60
New York	730	Michigan	22
Kentucky	322		

The range of prices of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound.	5½	@	10
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	$25 00	@	$65 00
Veal Calves, per pound............	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head.........	2 50	@	4 50
" " per pound.......	6	@	10
Live Swine, per pound............	5	@	6
Dressed " "	6½	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets are heavily stocked with the leading kinds of vegetables, and these sell rather less readily at irregular prices....Poultry is also plenty and dull....No change of importance is discernible in other commodities.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel................	$1 50	@	$3 50
Apples, dried, per pound..........	7½	@	8½
Grapes, per pound................	3	@	12
Quinces, common to prime, per barrel	$1 25	@	$4 25
Hickory Nuts, per bushel..........	$1 50	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel.............	$4 00	@	—
Peanuts, per bushel...............	70	@	90
Barberries, per barrel.............	$2 00	@	—
Cranberries, per barrel............	$5 50	@	$8 50
Potatoes, per barrel...............	75	@	$3 00
" sweet, per barrel............	$1 75	@	$3 00
Onions, per barrel................	$1 25	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel...............	45	@	50
Squashes, per barrel..............	$1 75	@	$2 00
Pumpkins, per 100................	$4 00	@	$10 00
Beets, per barrel..................	$1 50	@	—
Cabbages, per 100................	$1 75	@	$4 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen...........	75	@	$2 00
Parsnips, per barrel..............	—	@	$1 50
Carrots, per barrel................	$1 25	@	$1 50
Leeks, per 100....................	$3 00	@	$4 00
Celery, per dozen.................	75	@	$1 00
Garlic, per 100....................	$6 00	@	$6 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen...........	15½	@	16
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen............	16½	@	17
Chickens, per pair................	50	@	$1 00
Fowls, per pair...................	62	@	87
Fowls, per pound.................	12	@	16
Ducks, per pair..................	50	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound...............	12	@	16
Turkeys, each....................	88	@	$1 25
Geese, each......................	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, per dozen...............	75	@	$1 65
Woodcock, per dozen.............	$1 50	@	$2 00
Partridge, per pair...............	50	@	65
Roasting Pigs....................	$1 25	@	$2 00
Rabbits, each.....................	10	@	15
Hares, each......................	10	@	15
Squirrels, each...................	3	@	4
Venison, per pound...............	8	@	14
Beef, per pound..................	4½	@	8
Mutton, per pound................	5	@	9
Lamb, per pound..................	6	@	9
Veal, per pound..................	6	@	9
Pork, per pound..................	6	@	8½

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITEHALL, KY., Sept., 1857.

Messrs. Grover & Baker:

GENTS—The Sewing Machine is received, and we put it at work at once. It is a beautiful thing, and puts every body into an excitement and good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover & Baker having an eternal holiday, in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity.

With respect, I am yours,

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

To Messrs. Grover & Baker:

NEW YORK, Oct. 26th, 1857.

The managers of the "Female Magdalene Benevolent Association" take pleasure in bearing testimony to the great utility and efficiency of "Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines," which, for the past year, they have had in use in the sewing room of their Asylum, and they most cheerfully recommend it to those families who wish greatly to diminish labor and facilitate its successful and useful results.

On behalf of the F. M. B. Society,

A. L. M., Secretary.

COMPROMISE SALE
OF
CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, AND FURS,
FOR THE
Benefit of the creditors of
WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE,
New York City.

We are sorry to be compelled to make the above announcement of one of our most enterprising and active merchants in the city, long and universally considered to be the only finished artist in the mantilla and cloak trade in this country. His styles, from the time of his opening the Brandreth Building until the present period, have ever been pronounced, by ladies of taste and discrimination, as the first in quality and design in the fashionable world, being manufactured of the very best material which the Paris market affords, and for the retail trade of this city exclusively. This last fact is one which should recommend them to the public in preference to the now prevailing practice of retailing goods made up for the wholesale trade, for we are well assured that he has earned for his establishment its present popularity by adhering to the above resolution. Having selected the materials of his stock from the richest of French importations, and, in common with tens of thousands of others, been overtaken by the stringency of the times, our friend Mackenzie has been compelled to offer his elegant stock at 40 per cent. below cost, in order to get back his investment for the raw material. Those desiring the richest goods at the most fearful sacrifice of prices, will give him a call.—*New York Press.*

The following is a list of the goods to be sold at retail for cash:

$25,000 in Paris made cloaks, in velvet and cloth, of this present season's manufacture.

$40,000 manufactured cloaks for city retail trade, of the best French materials, in beaver cloth and rich Lyons velvets.

$10,000 fancy gray and other desirable colors.

$25,000 in real furs, such as mink, sable, fitch, and others.

WM. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE.
Nos. 294 and 296 Canal Street,
Brandreth Building.

WILL CLOSE DECEMBER 1. THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS by MODERN ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL, which is now at the OLD ART-UNION ROOMS, No. 497 Broadway, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and in the EVENING from 7 to 10 o'clock. *N. B.*—The Pictures will be exhibited by gas light during the day when necessary.

B. FRODSHAM, Sec.

GREAT LIQUIDATION SALE
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AT 361 BROADWAY.
NEARLY A QUARTER MILLION OF DOLLARS
Of CLOAKS,
SHAWLS,
LADIES' FANCY FURS,
CLOTHS,
VELVETS,
SILKS,
FRINGES AND TRIMMINGS,
ALL AT RETAIL,
FOR CASH ONLY
AT PRICES TOTALLY REGARDLESS
OF ORIGINAL COST.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

1000 Gray Cloth Cloaks, at 3 Dollars each.
500 Superior Cloth Cloaks, at 4½ Dollars each.
800 Extra Cloth Cloaks, at 6 Dollars each.
450 Very Handsome Cloth Cloaks, at 8 Dollars each.
800 Excellent Black Cloth Circulars, at 8 Dollars each.
500 Very Superior Black Cloth Circulars, at 10 Dollars each.
600 Superfine Black Cloth Circulars, at 12 Dollars each.
300 Black Lyons Velvet Cloaks, at 25 Dollars each.
250 Very Superior Black Lyons Velvet Cloaks, at 30 Dollars each.
2000 Beautiful New Style Stella Shawls, at 5 Dollars each.
1000 Extra Superior New Style Stella Shawls, at 6½ Dollars each.
800 Very Rich Plush Borders, at 8 Dollars each.
2000 Chenille Borders, at 8 Dollars each.
900 Very Rich Chenille Borders, at 10 Dollars each.

THE FUR DEPARTMENT
IS REPLETE WITH EVERY NOVELTY,
AND, AS A QUOTATION OF PRICES
IN THIS PARTICULAR BRANCH
IS CALCULATED TO MISLEAD,
SUFFICE IT TO SAY, THAT THE ENTIRE STOCK
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10,000 Yards of Black and Gray Cloaking Cloths.
100 Cartons of Rich Trimmings and Galloons.
25 Cartons of Guipure Lace.
12 Cartons Rich Broché Fringes.
50 Pieces Rich Black Silks.
20 Pieces Black Lyons Velvets.

THE WHOLESALE WAREROOMS,
UP STAIRS,
WILL BE EXCLUSIVELY SET APART FOR THE SALE OF
MATERIALS BY THE YARD,
so that Ladies desiring to economize can purchase their own materials, and make up, or get made, their own Cloaks at a considerable saving.

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THE GOLDEN YEAR.

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By ALICE B. HAVEN, Author of "The Coopers," "Getting into Society," "The Gossips of Riverton," &c. (Mrs. Haven is well known to our readers as Mrs. Neal.)

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